

Professor Bury and Lord Acton.

A CRITIQUE OF PROFESSOR BURY'S "HISTORY OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT."

THERE are few of us who have not been fascinated by Lord Bryce's account of his interview at Cannes with Lord Acton.

Twenty years ago [wrote the then Mr. Bryce, in *Studies in Contemporary Biography*] he [Lord Acton] expounded to me his views of how a history of liberty might be written, and how it might be made the central thread of all history. . . . He spoke for six or seven minutes only, but he spoke like a man inspired. . . . It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight. I have never heard from any other lips any discourse like this, nor from his did I ever hear the like again.

His history of liberty was never written, but we have two lectures on "freedom" which show Acton's passionate energy in the causes of freedom and justice and his extraordinary power of picking up minute details as he rushes forward with some great synthesis.

Now there issued from the press a few months ago a little volume entitled *A History of Freedom of Thought*, by Professor Bury, the successor of Lord Acton as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Accordingly, we have two works by the two eminent historians who have occupied the same University chair within the last fifteen years. Both men gave inaugural lectures heralding the later, more objective and scientific treatment of documents. "History," said Lord Acton, "to be above evasion and dispute must stand on documents, not on opinions." "If history," said Professor Bury at the close of his inaugural address, "is to become a more and more powerful force . . . she will best prepare her disciples . . . by remembering that she is herself *a science, no less and no more.*"¹ In the works we have cited, both men cover the same ground, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages and

¹ Italics our own, here, and throughout.

the Modern period,—grouping their facts about the thought of freedom. Yet no two readings of history could be more utterly different in tone and fact. We have only to add that Lord Acton's whole temper of mind was profoundly Christian, while Professor Bury is an avowed rationalist who dismisses Christianity as "mythology."

We propose, then, in this paper to draw up a parallel between the two divergent judgments and occasionally, though very briefly, to take note of omissions in the latter. The study, we take it, is not without its importance in the cause of historical truth.

Before proceeding, however, we ought to say at once that Professor Bury's volume is vitiated by an amazing number of theological and historical blunders. Details of fact and date receive scant observance. In a bracket St. Augustine is made to die in 410. Cardinal Richelieu is made to "support the Protestant cause in Germany," whereas he only used a Protestant ally against the common Hapsburg enemy. The date of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes is given as 1676 instead of 1685. Robespierre is said to have established the worship of the Supreme Being in 1795, several months after his actual death.¹

But these examples, which might be multiplied, are frankly only elementary points, no more perhaps than *lapsus calami*. They only damage the author's reputation for accuracy, and create a general feeling of mistrust. The matter is very different when we pass to statements as to Christianity. Let us take just one page (53).

¹ We might add a long list of the author's mistakes in date, fact, and theory, but it is fortunately unnecessary, as the volume has been criticized with even more than usual acumen by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in the *Dublin Review* for January (1914). We may usefully quote a few lines from his concluding paragraph:

"Moreover, it is easy to discover by a little analysis how these elementary errors, which deprives his book of all historical value, have crept in. Turn, for instance, to the statement (upon page 57) that 'the Inquisition was founded by Pope Gregory IX. about A.D. 1233.' There is a sentence vividly illuminating the way in which this book was written. It was not 'about' some vague period or other: it was precisely in the year 1231. . . . What that word 'about' means is that the author writes without consulting authorities, and without fear of criticism. Perhaps I should end with the citation of one last and unique type of error, which I cannot put under any of my categories, and which is to the ordinary type of historical errors what an elephant is to the other beasts of the land. I find it upon page 90, where I am told that the retention of Galileo's works upon the Index until 1835 was in the interval 'fatal to the study of Natural Science in Italy.' So it would seem that Torricelli, Volta, and Galvani never existed. In face of that sort of thing no comment is necessary, and any emphasis would be a weakness." (*Dublin Review*, January, 1914, p. 171.)

We must remember [says the professor] that according to the humane doctrine of the Christians, pagan, that is to say, human virtues were vices, and infants who died unbaptized passed the rest of time in 'creeping on the floor of hell.

It seems a pity to destroy the whole fabric, but the two statements, charged indeed with very inhuman doctrine, have no connection with Christianity.¹ Christians have always regarded the pagan virtues as, what they are, natural perfections, and they have believed that unbaptized infants pass eternity in a state of natural happiness.

It was unfortunate [we read a little lower on the same page] that the early Christians had included in their scripture *the Jewish writings which reflect the ideas of a low stage of civilization and are full of savagery*. It would be difficult to say how much harm has been done in corrupting the morals of men by the precepts and examples of *inhumanity, violence and bigotry which the reverent reader of the Old Testament, implicitly believing in its inspiration, is bound to approve*.

This last is a startling and, we submit, almost wanton assertion. We need not trouble to indicate the prejudice manifest in this view of the Old Testament. But why does Professor Bury endeavour to ascribe a particular theory of inspiration to Christians which no one ever believed, and which never existed outside of the minds of their enemies? Whoever thought that Christians were bound to approve of the incidents of violence, crime, and immorality, recorded in the Old Testament, just because they are found in an inspired text? Has anyone ever approved of the adultery of David, or his complicity in the murder of Urias, or the idolatry of Solomon, because the facts are found in the Books of Kings? Let it be observed, then, that if Christians do not regard every action which is described in the Old Testament as ideal and perfect, it is because their approval or disapproval of all such actions depends, not on the inspiration of the Bible, but exclusively upon their conformity with natural law and with the principles of charity and justice laid down by Christ in the New Dispensation. Even the casual reader of the New

¹ Christianity has, fortunately, always had an organ for the decision of doctrinal points in dispute. Can Professor Bury point to the canon of any council or to any authoritative oecumenical tradition, which regarded, let us say, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance—the old pagan virtues—as vices, or which condemned unbaptized infants to hell? Calvin, we know, held some such view, but is Calvin a typical Christian?

Testament must know the expression: "Ye have heard that it hath been said . . . but I say unto you . . ." We are not pleading for expert theological knowledge, but only for the minimum of accuracy and impartiality—in fact for the abandonment of what Professor Bury himself called "the old irresponsible ways" of writing history. We might indeed fill many pages with an imposing list of the author's mistakes and assumptions in theology and philosophy, but, as the task is unnecessary and not to our taste, we take up at once the parallel between the writings of the two Professors.

At the outset it is essential to grasp that Acton and Professor Bury are not handling precisely the same theme. Acton, in his two lectures, traces "in antiquity" and "in Christianity" the growth of liberty, by which, he says, "I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and *opinion*"¹ (p. 3). Professor Bury speaks principally of freedom of thought—it is obviously hard to keep rigidly to the one point—which "in any valuable sense includes freedom of speech" (p. 8). The themes are thus far from identical, but the facts grouped together are often the same.

In his chapter on freedom in Greece and Rome entitled "Reason free," Professor Bury proceeds to give an enthusiastic account of the ancient world, and the whole is summarized in the following words:

If we review the history of classical antiquity as a whole, we may almost say that freedom of thought was like the air men breathed. It was taken for granted, and nobody thought about it. If seven or eight thinkers at Athens were penalized for heterodoxy, in some and perhaps most of the cases heterodoxy was only a pretext. They do not invalidate the general facts that the advance of knowledge was not impeded by prejudice or science retarded by the weight of unscientific authority. . . . *Opinions were not imposed except by argument; you were not expected to receive some "Kingdom of Heaven" like a little child or to prostrate your intellect before an authority claiming to be infallible*" (p. 50).

This would seem a little rapid and a little enthusiastic, and Lord Acton, while expressing a whole-hearted admiration for the ideals of Greece, reminds us of some important facts. He says:

¹ *History of Freedom and other Essays*. Macmillan. 1907.

The prevailing notions of freedom (in antiquity) were imperfect, and endeavours to realize them were wide of the mark. They concentrated so many prerogatives in the State as to leave no footing from which a man could deny its jurisdiction or assign bounds to its activity. If I may employ an expression anachronistic, the vice of the classic state was that it was Church and State in one. . . . *In religion, morality and politics there was only one legislator and one authority.* . . . (p. 17.)

They (the people of Greece and Rome) survive not in their institutions but in their ideas. . . . To them, indeed, may be tracked nearly all the errors that are undermining political society—Communism, Utilitarianism, *the confusion between tyranny and authority, and between lawlessness and freedom.*

One other passage is of great importance:

On a memorable occasion [says Lord Acton] the assembled Athenians declared it monstrous that they should be prevented from doing whatever they chose. No force that existed could restrain them. In this way the emancipated people of Athens became a tyrant: and their government, the pioneer of European freedom, stands condemned with a terrible unanimity by all the wisest of the ancients. . . . They treated their dependencies with such injustice that they lost their maritime Empire. They plundered the rich until the rich conspired with the public enemy, and they crowned their guilt by the martyrdom of Socrates. (p. 12.)

The summary is even more sombre. "But in all that I have been able to cite from classical literature three things are wanting—representative government, the emancipation of the slaves and *liberty of conscience*."¹ It is not necessary to summarize these differences in antithetical propositions. The divergences in tone and in general treatment of the same group of facts stand out with unmistakable clearness.

But all such contrasts between the two professors with regard to freedom in antiquity might be styled unanimity as compared with their later judgments. Professor Bury deals with the whole of the Middle Ages in a chapter entitled, "Reason in prison," which opens with a challenging thesis. In fact the whole period falls under one sweeping condemnation.

About ten years after the Edict of Toleration [we read] Constantine the Great adopted Christianity. This momentous decision inaugurated a millennium in which reason was enchained, thought was enslaved, and knowledge made no progress. (p. 52.)

¹ *Op. cit.* pp. 25 and 26.

And there follows a long catalogue of mediæval offences which are ascribed to the sinister genius of Christianity. That Christianity is his real enemy, Professor Bury does not fail to make clear. After dealing with the Inquisition he goes on to say

There was no scruple about the invention of miracles or any fictions that were edifying. A disinterested appreciation of truth will not begin to prevail till the 17th century. While this principle, with the associated doctrines of hell, and the last judgment, led to such consequences, there were other doctrines and implications in Christianity which, forming a solid rampart against the advance of knowledge, blocked the paths of science in the Middle Ages, and obstructed its progress till the latter half of the nineteenth century. In every important field of scientific research, the ground was occupied by false views which the Church declared to be the true or the infallible authority of the Bible. . . . (p. 63.)

In the conclusion (on p. 67), Christianity is made to bear the whole blame. It runs as follows:

In the period, then, in which the Church exercised its greatest influence, reason was enchained in the prison which Christianity had built around the human mind. It was not, indeed, inactive, but its activity took the form of heresy; or to pursue the metaphor, those who broke chains were unable for the most part to scale the walls of the prison; their freedom extended only so far as to arrive at beliefs which, like orthodoxy itself, were based on Christian mythology.

Thus we take it that the learned Professor holds that Christianity was responsible for a "millennium in which reason was enchained, thought was enslaved, and knowledge made no progress." The thesis lacks no quality of definiteness.

By way of criticism, we submit, first, that Professor Bury has altogether omitted one item of supreme importance; secondly, that this omission has, with the help of an unconcealed bias, led him to attribute the supposed effects to the wrong cause, that is, to Christianity; and lastly, that his indictment of the Middle Ages is altogether unfounded and untrue. Let us take the points *seriatim*, indicating our proofs by liberal quotations from Lord Acton.

And, first, the sin of omission. To us, there is nothing more astounding in the whole volume than the complete absence of any reference to the barbaric invasions. Our wonder only grows as we reflect that the first centuries of the Middle Ages cannot possibly be understood without con-

tinual reference to the chaos that followed on the dissolution of the Roman Empire. Lord Acton lays the requisite emphasis on the fact in the following words:

The first effect of the great Teutonic migration into the region civilized by Rome was to throw back Europe many centuries to a condition scarcely more advanced than that from which the institutions of Solon had rescued Athens. While the Greeks preserved the literature, the arts and the science of antiquity . . . and even the peasants of Bulgaria knew the New Testament by heart, Western Europe lay under the grasp of masters, the ablest of whom could not write their names. The faculty of exact reasoning, of accurate observation became extinct for *five hundred years*, and the sciences most needful for society, medicine and geometry, fell into decay. . . . (p. 32).

The facts are well-known: their importance is obvious, seeing that they alone can give an adequate explanation of the existence and character of the Dark Ages. And yet, all this is passed over in silence by Professor Bury, who ascribes the resultant chaos to Christianity. We do not wish to be too severe, but really such history-making is altogether unworthy of an eminent historian, who is the *doyen* of his history school at Cambridge.

Far more important, however, than this omission and consequent grave mistake, is the fact that the Professor's main thesis is quite untrue. In the Middle Ages (a period which is not confined to the first 500 years of which Lord Acton speaks), thought was not enslaved, reason was not in prison, and knowledge did make progress. Thus our criticism at this point is wholly constructive, our thesis being the exact contrary of Professor Bury's. In the short space at our disposal, we can only indicate our proofs by appealing, first, to the wonderful growth in political knowledge throughout the Middle Ages, and, then, to the achievements of the mediæval philosophers and scientists. These two fields of knowledge are moreover typical, as one represents the practical, and the other the speculative bent of the mediæval men.

Those who would enjoy a keen statement of mediæval progress in politics must read Lord Acton's lecture, "Freedom in Christianity." We can only quote the summary:

Looking back over the space of *a thousand years* [Professor Bury's millennium], to get an estimate of the work they had done if not towards perfection in their institutions, at least towards

attaining the knowledge of political truth, this is what we find: representative government, which was unknown to the ancients, was almost universal. The methods of election were crude: but the principle that no tax was lawful that was not granted by the class that paid it—that is, that taxation was inseparable from representation—was recognized not as the privilege of certain countries but as the right of all. "Not a prince in the world," said Philip de Commynes, "can levy a penny without the consent of the people." Slavery was almost everywhere extinct; and absolute power was deemed more intolerable and more criminal than slavery. The right of insurrection was not only admitted but defined as a duty sanctioned by religion. Even the principles of the Habeas Corpus Act . . . were already known. The issue of ancient politics was an absolute state planted on slavery. The political produce of the Middle Ages was a system of states in which authority was restricted by the representatives of powerful classes, by privileged associations, and by the acknowledgment of duties superior to those which are imposed by man. As regards the realization in practice of what was seen to be good, there was almost everything to do. But the great problems of principle had been solved. . . .¹

Now this is surely knowledge, moreover, inductive knowledge, of the science of government; and of the principles determining the rights of the individual in society, upon which all real freedom ultimately depends. Without it freedom of speech is but an idol, and freedom of conscience no more than a comfort in adversity. Thus there was progress of a remarkable and enduring type in the practical domain, and Lord Acton elsewhere attributes this startling series of political changes to the direct influence of Christianity. We shall doubtless be readily pardoned for offering another long extract, in view of the unusual importance of the conclusion, and the vigour of Acton's conviction, based upon so wide and accurate a survey of history. The closing paragraph of his lecture on "Freedom in Antiquity" runs as follows:

After the fourth century, the declarations against slavery are earnest and continual, and in a theological but yet pregnant sense, divines of the second century insist on liberty, and divines of the fourth century on equality. There was one essential and inevitable transformation in politics. Popular governments had existed, and also mixed and federal governments, but there had been no limited government, no State the circumference of whose authority had been defined by a force external to its own. That

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 39.

was the great problem that philosophy had raised, and which no statesmanship had been able to solve. Those who proclaimed the assistance of a higher authority had indeed drawn a metaphysical barrier before the governments, but they had not known how to make it real. All that Socrates could effect by way of protest against the tyranny of the reformed democracy was to die for his convictions. The Stoics could only advise the wise man to hold aloof from politics, keeping his unwritten law in his heart. But when Christ said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," those words, spoken on His last visit to the Temple, three days before His death, gave to the civil power, under the protection of conscience, a sacredness it had never enjoyed, and bounds it had never acknowledged; and they were the repudiation of absolutism and the inauguration of freedom. For our Lord not only delivered His precept, but created the force to execute it. To maintain the necessary immunity in one supreme sphere, to reduce all political authority within defined limits, ceased to be an aspiration of patient reasoners, and was made the perpetual charge and care of the most energetic institution and the most universal association in the world. The new law, the new spirit, the new authority gave to liberty a meaning and a value it had not possessed in the philosophy or in the constitution of Greece or Rome before the knowledge of the truth that makes us free.¹

The conclusion rings out peremptory and certain, that the vast mediæval developments in the whole sphere of constitutional politics were due to the teaching of Christ. In fact Professor Bury's thesis that "knowledge made no progress" owing to Christian influences, seems already to totter; but the progress in civilization which we have so far suggested is slight compared with the achievements of the greater mediæval philosophers and scientists.

We shall first say a word about the philosophy.

Western thought, which during the period of the Middle Ages, was Greek to the core, forms, we had almost said, a thrilling chapter in the development of ideas. In the past this chapter had been sadly neglected, owing partly to prejudice—Can any good come out of a period of gloom and stagnation?—partly to lack of knowledge, and largely to a certain prepossession, favouring the view that the stream of philosophy ran underground after the death of Plotinus, only to emerge again at the Renaissance. The mediæval period, according to this reading of history, was one long, parched, stony tract.

¹ *Op. cit.* pp. 28 and 29.

However, the prepossession is now gradually yielding, as the details of the evolution of mediæval philosophy are coming to light, owing to the research work of Baron von Hertling, the Minister-President of Bavaria, of Bäumer, Professor of Philosophy at Munich, of Grabmann of Vienna, of Mandonnet of Freiburg, of de Wulf of Louvain, and of Monsieur Duhem, the distinguished historian of science of the University of Bordeaux. Apparently the whole story is unknown to Professor Bury, who betrays his narrowness of reading by his occasional references. His estimate of Thomas Aquinas, for instance, is—the learned professor must forgive us—entirely personal, inaccurate and, in fact, ludicrous. We read that

The spread of Averroistic and similar speculations called forth the theology of Thomas of Aquino . . . , *a most subtle thinker, whose mind had a natural turn for scepticism*. He enlisted Aristotle, hitherto the guide of infidelity, on the side of orthodoxy, and constructed an ingenious Christian philosophy which is still authoritative in the Roman Church. But Aristotle and reason are dangerous allies for faith, and the treatise of Thomas is perhaps more calculated to unsettle a believing mind by the doubts which it powerfully states than to quiet the scruples of a doubter by its solutions.¹

Such comments are, of course, singularly wide of the mark. Thomas Aquinas has a very definite theory of knowledge, and states with no slight emphasis, again and again, that absolute truth is ascertainable by the human mind. Moreover, he has left us about twenty-five volumes of closely-packed argumentation, many of which are devoted to supporting innumerable theses in pure philosophy. He cannot, therefore, be a sceptic. Nor in point of fact does he show any trace of the pervasive hesitancy, not to say pessimism, about the all-important epistemological question, which mark and mar the thought of Montaigne and Hume. Few men have believed more in the constructive power of the human reason, and few have justified their belief by an equally piercing and coherent system.²

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 69.

² Lord Bacon said of St. Thomas that he had "the largest heart of the school divines." Professor Huxley, too, writes of him: "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me almost without a parallel" (*Science and Morals*, p. 142).

Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed's recent tribute is not less interesting. He speaks

Moreover—and this is important—he took up the works of Aristotle, commented upon them, and developed the system in several different branches. In natural theology—the purely rational study of the existence and nature of God—he undoubtedly solidified the Aristotelean treatment, and in his Moral Philosophy, he clarified much that had remained obscure in the Nicomachean Ethics. And Thomas Aquinas is only one of the great scholastic masters, a man who reaped and harvested what others had sown in the earlier days, and who stands out as a leader among a number of distinguished contemporaries. Seeing that the philosophy was Greek in origin, and that it developed along the lines laid down by the philosophers of Greece, how, we ask ourselves, is it possible to grow lyrical about the thought of Greece, and then to condemn the philosophy of the Middle Ages? And how is it that an eminent historian can praise the freedom of the Greeks, and then pass to speak of the imprisonment of reason throughout the mediæval period?

It might be urged, however, that mediæval philosophy is technical to the last degree, and that a professor of history cannot possibly be expected to follow all its eddies and currents. We admit the suggestion—not without wondering where it may possibly lead us—but only stipulate that, in the absence of all specialized knowledge, it would be better to omit all mention of the philosophy, and, more particularly, any concise synopsis of its trend and value.

So far we have dealt, all too briefly indeed, with the political and philosophic developments during Professor Bury's "millennium," and may now pass to say something of mediæval science.

Last summer, M. Pierre Duhem, Professor of Science at Bordeaux, whose works on the history of science, and more especially, whose studies on Leonardo da Vinci have achieved a European reputation, published a remarkable volume,¹ which, we trust, will induce many an historian of physical science to rewrite his mediæval chapters. The work, which is the third series of his studies on Leonardo da Vinci, bears of St. Thomas' "never-dulled intellectual keenness," and adds, "no less striking is his unflinching honesty" (*Dante and Aquinas*, p. 112). How different this vision of a large-hearted philosopher, endowed with an extraordinarily keen and powerful intellect, loving truth for its own sake, from that of a "subtle" sceptic!

¹ *Études sur Léonard da Vinci*. Par P. Duhem, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, Professeur, &c. III. Série. *Les Précurseurs Parisiens de Galilée*.

the significant sub-title, "The Parisian forerunners of Galileo." The whole is a very careful piece of analytical, historical thinking, which, by means of many documents and a mass of explicit references, proves that the founders of modern science, of our dynamics and mechanics, are to be sought in mediæval Paris. We hope elsewhere and on another occasion to indicate the significance of this almost startling discovery. For the rest, we may give a rough translation of some interesting passages in the Preface, which announce the nature of the historical results.

The mechanical science [we read], which was inaugurated by Galileo, by his rivals, and by his disciples, the Balianis, the Torricellis, the Descartes, the Beeckmans, the Gassendis, *is not a creation*: the modern mind did not produce it, all at once, finished and perfect, as soon as the study of Archimedes had revealed the art of applying geometry to natural phenomena. Galileo and his contemporaries only used the mathematical skill which had been acquired by the study of the ancient geometers in order to develop, and to state with precision, a mechanical science of which the Christian Middle Ages had laid down the principles, and formulated the most essential theses. This theory of mechanics had been conceived by the physicists who were teaching at the University of Paris in the *fourteenth century* and who worked under the guidance of observation; they had substituted it for the dynamics of Aristotle which had been convicted of inability to safeguard observed fact (*sauver les phénomènes*). At the Renaissance the superstitious love of antiquity, in which both the delicate mind of the Humanists, and the Averroistic routine of a decadent Scholasticism, found delight, led men to reject this doctrine of the "Moderns." Then took place a powerful reaction, particularly in Italy, against the dynamics of the Parisians, in favour of the indefensible dynamics of the Stagirite. But in spite of this obstinate resistance the Parisian tradition found masters and *savants* to maintain and develop it. *It was of this Parisian tradition that Galileo and his rivals were the heirs.* When we see the science of a Galileo triumphing over the Peripatetic system . . . we think that we are witnessing the victory of young Modern Science over Mediæval Philosophy and its parrot-cries: as a matter of fact, we are contemplating the long prepared triumph of the science which was born at Paris, in the fourteenth century, over the doctrines of Aristotle and Averroes, which had been restored to honour by the Italian Renaissance.

The facts, stated with ample documentation by M. Duhem, cannot be contested, though they are startling in their

novelty. As a result, the names that we are bound to hold in honour, as the pioneers of all our scientific achievements are the turbulent William of Ockam (died 1347); Buridan, Rector of the University of Paris (died circ. 1360), whose arguments and very words are used by Torricelli in expounding the dynamics of Galileo (1564—1642); Nicole Oresme; and lastly, Dominic de Soto, a Spanish neo-Scholastic of the sixteenth century, who knew and cited the laws of falling bodies, of which the discovery is attributed to Galileo.

Enough has been said, even in these few words, to vindicate the science of the later Middle Ages. We have since progressed enormously, but in the flush of our success we should not, in justice, forget the names of the men who, by their obstinate questionings and their keenness of insight found the first paths through a trackless forest.

We have now passed briefly in review the political, philosophic and scientific achievements of our period, with the result that we have been able, without any straining at gnats and without any undue emphasis, to prove our contention that reason was *not* enchained, thought was *not* enslaved, and that knowledge *did* make progress during that time. Professor Bury's leading idea, therefore, in his chapter entitled "Reason in prison," is absolutely indefensible. In the circumstances it would perhaps be more kindly to allow such expressions as "there were other doctrines and implications in Christianity, which, forming a solid rampart against the advance of knowledge, blocked the paths of science in the Middle Ages, and obstructed its progress till the latter half of the nineteenth century" to pass in silence. One cannot recast the whole volume.

But apart altogether from the politics, philosophy and science of the Middle Ages, Professor Bury might have been led to reconsider his judgment if he had meditated on the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, an age of vigour and activity which issued quite naturally in the organization of studies and in the foundation of Paris, the mother of Universities, of Bologna, and of all the other smaller centres of learning, which have since grown so important. The facts which lie well within the domain of the historian have been published by Denifle, Thurot, Luchaire, by Canon Hastings Rashdall and a number of others. To the unprejudiced mind they tell a story of enthusiasm for knowledge and of vigorous discussion, directed to the elucidation of all known facts and

truths and principles. The poverty and consequent hardships of so many of the students, their untiring energy, and not infrequently, their distinguished results, surely speak of a love of truth for its own sake. Cardinal Newman in his lectures on "The Idea of a University," speaks of this age of the foundation of Universities as follows:—

If there was ever a time when the intellect went wild and had a licentious revel, it was at the date I speak of. When was there ever a more curious, more meddling, bolder, keener, more penetrating, more rationalistic exercise of the reason than at that time? What class of questions did that subtle, metaphysical spirit not scrutinize? What premiss was allowed without examination? What principle was not traced to its first origin and exhibited in its most naked shape? What whole was not analyzed? Did the Church take a high hand with philosophy then? . . . It was a time when she had temporal power and could have exterminated the spirit of inquiry with fire and sword; but she determined to put it down by *argument*, she said: "Two can play at that, and my argument is the better." . . . It was no matter whose the weapon was: truth was truth all the world over.¹

Once more, the story is one of vigour and progress, instead of the supposed gloom and theological prepossession.

And here we may profitably leave the subject, as it would be difficult to follow Professor Bury in his later chapters, without giving our criticism a flavour of apologetic. So far our plea has been for an unbiassed statement of facts, without prejudice or polemical purpose.

It would appear, then, that the Professor's reckless judgment of the mediæval period is fundamentally inaccurate. Moreover, the point is of considerable importance as he is only enabled by means of a series of such faulty and erroneous statements, to establish his main contention in the whole volume. He wishes to show, in ways that are negative as well as positive,—ways which, in point of fact, are often devious and dangerous—that rationalism, by which he means not so much a trust in reason as a mistrust of all revelation and Christian "mythology," is the life and soul of freedom of thought. If thought were shewn to be free in the Christian Middle Ages, if it were seen that a man could be a great philosopher as well as a Christian, the

¹ Newman: *The Idea of a University*. Longmans (new impression, 1905), p. 469.

thesis would fall. To the Middle Ages, therefore, he attached the only label which the circumstances or rather the thesis allow, namely, "reason in prison." In these pages of his we seem to have wandered a long way from his proud claim,—*"history—a science no less and no more."*

And the conclusion? Perhaps we cannot do better than quote the words of Professor Bury's own inaugural address.

In the meantime the Universities themselves have much to do; they have to recognize more fully and clearly and practically, and preach more loudly and assiduously that the advancement of research in history [and may we add, and in particular, mediæval history?] is not a luxury, subsidiary though desirable, but a pressing need, a matter of inestimable concern to the nation and the world.

And yet, perhaps, it would be more fitting to terminate with a word of Lord Acton's, for whose genius, apart from occasional lapses and vagaries, we have such a profound respect. At the close of an article on "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," in which he deals, rather summarily, with those who write history in the "service of a cause" he wrote:—"Such things will cease to be written when men perceive that truth is the only merit that gives dignity and worth to history"—words which we commend with all fitting deference to the consideration of the present Regius Professor of History at Cambridge.

JOHN G. VANCE.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Nature was sleeping in peace; for there fell with the starlight
Peace upon mountain and valley and water and woodland,
Breathed like a spell over all in the calm of the night hour.

*Ave Maria!
Virginum virgo!
Pacis oliva!*

God never slumbers: and earthward He gazed from His heaven
Into the hearts of His people, His chosen of nations.
This was the hour of the promise He made to their fathers.

*Ave Maria!
Gratia plena!
Virginum virgo!*

All were forgetful,—save one. Lo! a maiden of Juda,
Watching in prayer, sent a sigh from her soul for the Saviour,
Longed for the clouds to be riven and rain down the Just One.

*Ave Maria!
Filia Dei!
Gratia plena!*

God saw the maid lily-hearted and knew His beloved.
And unto Gabriel spake He, the splendid archangel,
Sent Him to Nazareth bearing a message to Mary.

*Ave Maria!
Lilia campi!
Deo dilecta!*

There as she knelt in her beauty and prayed in the starshine,
Prayed for the clouds to be riven and rain down the Just One,
Suddenly stood by her side the celestial presence.

*Ave Maria!
Deo dilecta!
Aurea domus!*

Sweeter than strains lightly wooed from the harp of King David,
Mightier far than the words of the Prophet on Carmel,
Fell in melodious tones from the lips of the angel,

*"Ave Maria!
Gratia plena,
Dominus tecum."*

"Unto me, Lord, be it done as Thou wouldst," said the maiden.
And while the angel o'ershaded his brow with his pinions,
Hovered the life-giving Spirit o'er Mary consenting.

*Sancta Maria!
Ora pro nobis
Et nunc et semper.*

F. REYNOLDS.

Catholicism in Norway.

"CAN you tell me where the Catholic church is?" I asked the somewhat juvenile porter of my hotel one Saturday afternoon, shortly after my arrival at Bergen.

"Kirke—everywhere—to-morrow—eleven o'clock," he replied with a wave of his hand, and the look of a man who never went to any of them.

I saw that he was no good, and called at an agency with which I had some business. But the clerk did not know where the Catholic church was situated; he believed that there was one: he was sure that he had heard of it, but he did not know its whereabouts. However, the agency had a plan of Bergen, and no doubt the church would be marked. The plan was accordingly produced, but we could neither of us discover any Catholic church marked upon it, and, at last, I came to the conclusion that if there was indeed a Catholic church in this, the second town in Norway, it was, at best, a room, that, possibly, was shut in the summer months.

Sunday morning dawned with an almost tropical splendour over the little Hanseatic city. About half-past ten I saw the porter of one of the hotels, in all the magnificence of navy-blue and gold-braid, sunning himself upon the footway.

"Can you tell me if there is a Catholic church in Bergen?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, in excellent English, "just round that corner, five minutes' walk from here." And there, truly enough, five minutes' walk from my hotel, and from the agency, close to the centre of the town and in a first-class street, standing upon a bank of some elevation, there rose a fine Renaissance building of solid stone, with a tower behind, from which the *Angelus* rings out at the appointed hours with no uncertain sound. The church in question is, as a matter of fact, the finest Catholic church in Norway, surpassing even the Gothic church in Christiania, which is still unfinished. Nor does the interior belie the outside of the edifice. The first object in the church that strikes the eye is a very lofty crucifix that rises from behind the high altar in the apse; on it there hangs a white figure of our Lord, in artistic keeping with the rest of the church, for the walls are white,

the pulpit is white, the altar is white, the principal images are white. The congregation consisted of about seventy persons, and this was, no doubt, below the average, for, in the summer months, everyone who is able to do so, leaves Bergen, to enjoy life in the country, or on the shores of some lonely fiord. The priest, a good-looking man of middle-age, with a long thin beard turned up into a point, read the gospel and preached, with a vivacity and emphasis that seemed strange in a Protestant land, of which the inhabitants are not demonstrative. Well, however, as he spoke Norwegian, he was a Pole by birth; like several, perhaps like most, of the Catholic priests who live in Norway, he came from a foreign land. There were also some nuns present; they were connected with a hospital which adjoins the church. This juxtaposition of church and hospital is one of the characteristics of Norwegian Catholicism, one of the first points in connection with it that strikes the attention of the tourist, and to explain it we must go back to the reintroduction of Catholicism into Norway in the middle of the nineteenth century. Catholicism, it must be remembered, was completely stamped out in Norway: it did not linger on in the back streets of cities or in remote nooks of the country, as was the case in England, but it vanished absolutely. When, then, the leaders of the Church had to consider in what way it should be reintroduced, it was resolved first of all to build a hospital: in this way the nuns got into contact with the population, and Rome made her first appearance in a guise that was little likely to excite antagonism. The building of the hospital was followed by the building of a church: hence at Christiania, at Stavanger, at Bergen, at Trondhjem, at Tromsø, and at Hammerfest there is a church and a hospital. But sometimes there is only a church: the priest then appears, simply as a missionary, in some spot, as at Harstad, where, at the time of his arrival, there was no Catholic population. He gets to know the people as best he can, perhaps by lecturing upon some subject that is not too obviously aggressive, such as Darwinism, or the immortality of the soul. Among the rude fishing population of "wild Lofoten" these subjects have attracted large audiences; attention is drawn to the lecturer, then to the church, and after a time there comes the slow stream of converts. Nearly all the two thousand Catholics in Norway are converts and the number of them has doubled in ten years.

Norwegian Catholicism is perhaps seen at its best in Bergen: the people are more serious than in Christiania, the

capital. Besides that, the church, which was built about 1868 by a Swedish architect, a convert, has had time to produce a generation of born Catholics, and few as the Catholics are, they must have their influence in the life of the town. At Trondhjem, the Catholics, if less flourishing, are, from some points of view, more interesting. For Trondhjem is a city that is closely associated with the history of Norwegian Catholicism. Its foundation is lost in the twilight of history, but it owes its fame to the fact that it possessed the remains of King Olaf the Saint, by whose efforts Christianity became the religion of the country. Powerful as he had been in life, he was still more powerful in his death, for from 1030 A.D., the date of that event, multitudes of pilgrims flocked to his shrine, over which there rose the most beautiful church in Scandinavia. It was on an island in the fiord, close to the port of Trondhjem, that Canute founded the first Norwegian monastery, and dedicated it to St. Alban, the British saint and martyr. And finally, it was from Trondhjem, in 1537, that the last Catholic archbishop sailed away, when the Danish king was laying impious hands upon the riches of the Church. Relics of old Catholic times are numerous in the little town: there is Monk's Street, and Bishop's Street, and our Lady's Church, to say nothing of the glorious cathedral.

Close to that far-famed edifice, now abandoned to the Lutherans, like a daughter mutely protesting against the action of an unnatural mother, there stands on a plot of ground that once belonged to the Catholic archbishop, a little Catholic church. It has about it no architectural merit, but rather the dull dignity of an English church of the Georgian period, nor is this wonderful, seeing that it was once part of a railway-station, which is now to be found in another quarter of the town. The priest's house is the part of the station where the trucks were kept; a tower was added close to the church to give it an ecclesiastical appearance. Beyond, the low, wide chancel-arch there is a wooden altar: on a pale-green wooden screen behind it are three colossal images. One little side-altar corresponded to the pulpit and was the only side-altar in the church—on the walls were the Stations of the Cross, each of them crowded with brightly-coloured figures, in accordance with what seems to have been a characteristic of Scandinavian Art in the Middle Ages. Some four benches served for seats; a notice at the door asked for funds to re-seat the church. The card announcing the Masses was in Norwegian, German, French, Italian, Latin, English; the

church is at times almost filled with blue-jackets, when a British man-of-war is in the fiord. On the Sunday in June when we were there, the congregation consisted of about twenty-five people, of whom seven or eight were children. Three adults, who were of the poorest class, remained seated throughout the service. From time to time, the man who was in charge of the door came forward and pointed out the place in a book, for the recipients of this kind attention were Protestants, who had come to the church for the first time to judge for themselves. In the sixteen Catholic churches that exist in Norway, Protestants often form an important part of the congregation: it seems to be almost a custom with many of them to put in an appearance on Good Friday morning and at the Midnight Mass at Christmas. But conversions, as we have said, are slow: at Trondhjem, one of the largest towns in Norway, there are perhaps ten a year. And there is, of course, a leakage, due in part to emigration, and in part to the Lutheran clergy, who may be, and indeed often are, courteous and friendly to the Catholic priests, but ruthless in detaching members of their flock, and especially children, if the chance presents itself. The over-cautious Norwegian temperament has, no doubt, much to do with the slow rate of conversions. Many years ago a Norwegian presented himself to a Catholic priest and asked for some instruction on the subject of religion, saying that from his childhood he had always felt something drawing him towards Rome. The priest named an hour for the instruction: the man did not appear. However, he continued regular in his attendance at the church. Now he is over fifty: his wife is an invalid and has been obliged to leave him, his children are scattered all over the world, he is alone, without ties, free, one would think, to follow his bent, but no! he has not embraced Catholicism. He is still weighing in his mind the pros and cons of the matter.

The spread of Catholicism in Norway, as elsewhere, is greatly hampered by the want of funds. Norway is famous for its schools: if any large building in a town attracts the attention of the traveller, it is pretty sure to be a school. Naturally, the Catholics do not find it easy to compete with these State-paid institutions. Nor can they enlarge such premises as they possess without additional funds. Were they able to do so, it would be easy to attract pupils: instruction could be given in English, French and German by native teachers, whereas, in too many cases, it is a Norwegian

who teaches English and German to his juvenile compatriots, ardent in the pursuit of linguistic knowledge. Again, the addition of a room, where meetings might be held, would be a distinct gain to a Catholic mission. There the personal influence, which often plays so great a part in the history of conversions, could find greater scope than in a church. The press of course is open to Catholics, and at times controversies take place in the papers, that, to judge from the number of letters received by the editor, excite remarkable interest in all parts of the country. Not long ago a Norwegian doctor, of sceptical temperament, attacked the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ in a newspaper. A Catholic priest replied, and the discussion continued till there was an expression of opinion that some of the Lutheran clergy should take part in the fray. Thereupon a pastor, a person of authority, intervened, and eulogized the line of reasoning adopted by the priest. Thus, for a moment, those two veteran antagonists, Rome and Lutheranism, appeared standing side by side, in friendly alliance, and it was Freethought that had brought about the union. In the world of Christian Art, the importance of Rome is also acknowledged. That architectural gem of rare elegance and exuberant fancy, the Cathedral of Trondhjem, is being restored, carefully and reverently, by the State, and the architect has on several occasions consulted Catholic priests in regard to details connected with the restoration.

It is at Tromsø that the Catholic Church first comes into contact with the Lapps, that strange nomad race, famous for its picturesque costumes. Tromsø is situated well within the Arctic circle, and at any time Lapps may be met in the streets. But these are either Lapps, who have no reindeer, and who make their living by fishing — and therefore they are not genuine Lapps—or they are Lapps who have come into the town to make some purchases. But as we stood on the steps of the little wooden church and looked across the wan waters of the narrow fiord, by which men go forth to Spitzbergen and the Pole, we could see a snow-streaked mountain, concealing a lateral valley, where the Lapps have a permanent encampment. The Lapps are Lutheran; those who know them speak well of their simple, kindly disposition. The passion of the race is for vivid colours: hence the red tuft that surmounts the cap worn by the men, and their coats of red or yellow or any colour that is bright, fastened round the waist by a belt to which there hangs a knife, in its sheath of

reindeer-bone. We were told that when Lapps go to Hammerfest, the most northerly mission in the world, they never fail to visit the Catholic church, and that they remain there through the Mass, which they do not understand, so much are they attracted by the lights, the vestments and the incense. On one occasion some of them were coming out of the church when they met a number of their compatriots, to whom they recounted all that they had seen, whereupon the new-comers burst into tears—so childish are they—at the thought of all that they had missed. The question of the conversion of the Lapps to Catholicism has, of course, often been mooted; at the present moment it is want of money that bars the way. What is required is a nomad priest, who would accompany them upon their wanderings, and such a priest ought not to be difficult to find, for to many young men such a life would be a fascinating one. As yet little has been done, though a book of devotion has been translated into Lapp. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that at present there is only one Lapp who admits the spiritual jurisdiction of the successor of St. Peter.

The Lapps inhabit the interior of Norway, Sweden and Russia, but all along the coast of the wild Polar Sea there are the homes of fishermen, often isolated, sometimes sufficient to form a little town. These fishermen may be Norwegian: more often they are Finns. Those of them who are not orthodox Lutherans or Methodists, are not improbably Laestadians, a new sect of great prominence in the north of Norway though little known elsewhere. Laestadius was a Swedish pastor, a botanist, and, generally, a man of learning, who died about 1870. His followers, all teetotalers, appeared at a time when drunkenness had made great havoc among the fishermen of Ofoten, part of the narrow strip of sea that divides the mainland from the Lofoten Isles: hence their swift success. The Laestadians have no churches, but only meeting-houses: they begin by reading a passage from the Bible and then one of them explains the passage read. Generally it is taken from the Passion, and when the speaker has finished they give vent to their feelings by uttering loud cries of indignation: at one time they used to dance at their services, but this has been given up. A remarkable event in the history of the sect was the murder of a Lutheran pastor. He had said something that filled the Laestadians in the neighbourhood with a firm conviction that he was a child of the devil. Hence they killed him, but the Norwegian law

stepped in and punished the murderers with imprisonment. It cannot however be said that the Laestadians have no connection with Lutheranism. Laestadian parents do not object to their sons receiving religious instruction from the Lutheran pastor in the State-schools, and when the Laestadians take the Communion, which happens twice a year, they receive it from the Lutheran pastor in a Lutheran church, but generally upon a Saturday at a special service of their own.

As regards the ultimate success of the Catholic missionaries in Norway it would be dangerous to prophesy. The sixteen or twenty priests are devoted, intelligent, energetic, and the State is not only not hostile, but even friendly. For the national pride of Norway has suffered greatly since the country became Protestant; the glorious events of Norwegian history are to be found in the period when she was Catholic, whereas Sweden won her greatest triumphs when she was Protestant. Hence in Norway there are sixteen missions; in Sweden there are four; in Norway most of the Catholics are Norwegians; in Sweden many of them are foreigners. What gives some promise of success for the Catholics is that a freethinker has written a history of Norway, in which he speaks of Catholicism with the greatest sympathy, and this book is used in several schools. Nor must it be forgotten that in the sixteenth century Norway had no quarrel with the Church: Protestantism was forced upon her from outside. But, if appearances go for anything, Protestantism is still strong in the country; the sects are active, and on Sunday some of the State churches in the towns have large congregations, though others, it must be admitted, are almost deserted or even shut. But street preachers attract enormous audiences. On the last Sunday we were at Bergen we saw a large square thronged with people, who sang hymns and listened, sad-eyed, attentive, serious, to the words of a preacher whom it was impossible to see for the crowd that gathered round him, while at the opposite end of the square, at the same time, three or four men who looked like shop-assistants thrilled some two hundred persons, by no means of the lowest class, with the story of their spiritual experiences. The Norwegians are intensely individualistic: each man likes to fashion his religion for himself. In this respect they resemble Englishmen; no one therefore will be surprised to learn that the Norwegian priests study Catholic methods and follow Catholic progress in Great Britain with the keenest interest.

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

The Tramp.

THE tramp came slouching up the hill, past the last little white houses of the straggling town. There had been a sudden burst of rain and the air smelt clean and fresh. Another consequence of the rain was mud, and this one was more to the tramp's liking. If there was one bit of the rough cart-track dirtier than the other, that was the bit he walked in. He breathed the clean air because he couldn't help it, but he walked in the mud because he chose. The discerning people in the town below had given him the go-by for a dirty rascal. This was unusual in that clime and time—remote alike from ours—and the tramp detected in it too marked a tribute to his really unusual demerits. And so he was revenging himself upon the discerning people by coming out of their town a dirtier rascal than he had gone in.

The houses came at longer intervals, and then stopped. The track climbed a little and rounded the hill, and the last house came in sight.

The tramp looked at this house with a special, individualized disgust. One woman in the town, kinder or more cowardly than her neighbours, had refrained from giving him her opinion of his looks and character, had let him pass in silence, and had then called after him to "try the good folks at the other end—the last house—on the hill!"

So this, thought the tramp, was the good folks' house.

It looked like it. The mere sight of the garden was enough to make him sick. Cut, combed and curled. Not a weed. Not a wasted inch. He knew that sort of good folks. Thrifty and frugal folks, poor but honest folks. Nothing for nothing folks, in fact, and precious little for sixpence! He knew that sort, and he experienced a wish to spit into that particular garden—a wish so active and energetic that it carried him over to the drier side of the road to gratify it.

He looked over the loose stone wall to direct his aim.

And then he stopped.

And then he laughed.

He laughed a laugh that you wouldn't have thought was in the man a minute ago. Not a savage laugh, nor a laugh that goes with spitting. Just a straight laugh at a bit of fun. He put his two arms upon his stick, and leaned there, looking and laughing.

It was a child's nook in the garden that he was looking into, and the object in the middle of it that had tickled his fancy was clearly the work of a child. A sort of toy house, or temple, it was, built up out of the queerest collection of odds and ends: bits of broken pottery, pebbles, bright or dull, big or little, rough or smooth: fitted close one into the other here — helped out there by lumps of common clay. The queerest building for the rubbish it was made out of; and more than queer, because, made out of nothing, as you might say, it yet was something. The tramp had played at that same game himself at some dim distant date. That was the thing about it that first held him up. Here was a little beggar playing the same game he had played himself. What kept him looking was the fact, which he had to admit, that this little beggar played the game uncommonly well. The tramp had never made a job of it like that. A thing that *was* something. Something in himself woke in response to it. If you had told him it was respect he would have walked away. He took it for curiosity, and he walked in.

The garden gate banged to behind him, and a curtain at an upper window dropped. There followed a tumbling run of feet across the upper room to the stairhead, a scramble on the stair, a slip, a rush, and a thud on the floor below. Such a hard little thud that the tramp, who got up to the door in time to hear it, lowered the stick that he was going to knock with, and stood by for the howl that should follow. His smile, now, was of his usual pattern, carefully sardonic, suited to the expected howl.

But no howl came. Instead, another run across the room, a falling upon the door, a pulling—a breathless, tiptoe, pulling at the much too high-up latch: a pause in the onslaught (but that was only to take breath) and a pulling again with fresh vigour. And just as the tramp got tired of his fancy, changed his mind and was turning away, if the door didn't get pulled open, and—well—there he was!

That was all the tramp could say about it. It might be got out of him by questioning that the child was three years or thereabouts; also that he was wearing some sort

of a little red shirt or smock; but as to what he looked like—Glad—that's all the tramp could say. He looked glad. He did that. In fact, you might say you'd never seen anybody look glad before in all your life. Glad? It was in him—shining out of him—the way he swung that door back, the way he ran out of it—as if you'd been his own twin-brother the way he laid hold of you, with his little hands, and fair dragged you inside of the house! Dragged? Oh! Of course you could have hung back if you wanted to—a great big hulking brute! But you didn't want to; you didn't want anything, being so took up with the ways of him and with wondering what in all the world there was to be so delighted over.

The sum of it all was, that before the tramp knew where he was he was inside the house, and the child pushing the door to, and setting his back against it, and his arms across it, and singing out:

“Mother! Mother! Mother! Here's such a lovely party!”

The whiteness of the house! And the filth of the tramp! And the child calling his mother, in the cleanest voice that ever you heard, to come and go shares in the wonderful thing he had found.

The tramp had barely time to think of it and go hot and cold under his rags—and then the back door was open, and the woman had come in.

She came in from the garden, holding up her apron with the vegetables in it that she had been pulling, green and fresh after the rain. And her eyes went straight to the little one, standing up with his arms stretched wide against the door, and that unconquerable look on his face that had brought the tramp into the house and meant to keep him. Straight as a bird to its nest the mother's eyes went to the child, and from him passed on to the tramp, in a way she had—quite easy—as if he'd been the child's own blood-relation. It was a comfortable way. What came into the tramp's head was: “How the woman takes after her child.” Upside down? well, it's what struck him.

“You're more than welcome, sir,” the woman said, “if you will take us as we are.”

The tramp mumbled something, he didn't know what. He had any number of things always ready to say to people who wanted him to go. But these people wanted him to stay.

And all he could do was to stand and stare like a stock, while the woman went and laid down the green things on the stones in a cool corner, and then took hold of a bench to drag it forward. The child left his guard at the door and ran over to help her, and that put it into the tramp's wooden head to lend a hand too. He took three steps or so forward. Then he stood, rooted.

There was the white floor in front of him—and behind.—He didn't need to look behind. He knew the horrible track his feet had made. With that there came as strong a pull as ever he'd felt. He wanted to go back upon that track.

But someone spoke. He looked down. The child had come back, and was sitting on the floor at his feet considering them.

"Sore," he said, "so sore."

The tramp gasped. It was true that his feet were sore, but "dirty" was so obviously the thing to say about them. And when the child bent over to stroke those feet, he went back from him with a sort of frightened roar.

"Take him away, mother," he bellowed.

The woman didn't so much as look round. She was busy over the fire of sticks. When she did turn, she had a bowl of water in her hands.

"'Tis nice and warm, sir," she said, speaking with a gentle deference. "If you'll allow us, it will ease the aching."

And there was the tramp, next thing, sitting on the bench with a bowl at his feet, the woman waiting by with a clean towel, and the child with a fine bit of wet rag in his hands, dabbing this place and that, as soft and as clever as if he could see just where the sores lay, under the dirt—which was more than the tramp could himself. And what's more he couldn't keep up even feeling awkward, for the way those two were taking it. As if he was giving them the time of their lives.

There came an interruption, though, after a bit. It was once when the little one stooped his head lower over his work, and the curls fell apart. You could see a bruise on his little head; a great big bruise it was—almost a wound.

The tramp started singing out "Hullo!" But he had to stop, for he got a sight of the mother's face. The child turned round, and looked in her face, too. Kept on looking, the tramp couldn't see how. He could only see the mother. He saw her fix her eyes on the child in a humble, begging

way, and then the look went deeper-like, as if it said "yes," and deeper than that, till it was as quiet as quiet. The quiet had got into her voice when she spoke. She only said:

"No; I musn't spoil the party."

And then her colour came back, too.

The tramp supposed the little one had been saying "Don't cry, mother"—but he didn't hear him. She tore off a fresh piece of linen, and set to work bathing the bruise.

"That's *me*, that bruise is!" The tramp burst out with it. He had to. "He got that running down the stairs to open the door for ——"

"For the party," the child said, quite contented.

"You were going away, perhaps," said the mother. "He wouldn't for the world have had you go away."

"Party! Pretty party!" the tramp muttered.

The child said "Pretty" too. He was looking at the tramp's feet, which had got to a colour that their owner couldn't remember on them.

But he only grumbled:

"Skin-deep."

And that sounded so fault-finding that he got the horrid thought again, that he'd never have the manners for this place.

The child looked round at his mother again, and she smiled at him this time, in a way that was different from anything the tramp could say to you. It took up all his mind with the wonder of it, and he forgot to trouble about his manners.

"What's he saying, mother?"

He asked it as easy as if he'd had a right to ask. It wasn't just inquisitiveness either, nor yet that he supposed he should be able to understand. But you had to take some notice of a thing like that when you saw it.

"It's about what you said, sir. About the bathing being ——"

"Oh! Skin-deep?" The tramp said, rather sheepishly.

"That was it," said the mother. "He was saying—When he grows to be a man ——"

The tramp smiled at that and said, "Great doings there'll be when *he's* a man."

"Great doings," said the mother. She was putting some ointment on the bruise, and it struck the tramp from her way, this was maybe the first time that her child had taken any hurt.

It was after that that the back door opened again, and a man came in. He had been working in an open shed that ran along the back of the house. He was a middle-aged man, a little bowed in carriage, and stiff of movement from the long day's work. He stood in the doorway (and the sun, that was setting, threw his long shadow before him) and he looked at the three by the bench in a kindly way—not asking questions, just waiting.

He hadn't long to wait, before the child was at his knee and then up in his arms, and pouring out all the happy news—about the party, and about how nice and comfortable it was, picked up in the kind, strong arms. When breath failed, the story was eked out with a pressing of the little hands together, or a clasping of them round the good man's neck.

The tramp was not surprised when this decent working man joined in with his welcome:

"I call it neighbourly, now, to drop in in this way and take us as we are."

The tramp had left off being surprised. His whole notion of the hang of things had given out by now. Two things only were clear to him. First, that these three persons had a real respect, not for each other only but for him. Second, that if that was their way of taking it, that was the way it had got to be taken, and his job was to hold his tongue, to keep his eyes open and to do as he was bid.

Acting on this simple plan, the "party" was soon sitting down to table. There was bread, curd cheese, and a good soup of herbs—none too plain a supper for a two-days-old hunger. In fact, when he saw the child get down off his mother's knee and go round and whisper with the workman at the head of the table, it didn't so much as cross the tramp's mind that they were planning to improve his entertainment.

But so it was. On a low shelf below the window there was hidden a most enormous orange—a great big golden globe, so big and juicy, so sweet-smelling and cool, it was just the thing for a party. And it was the child's very own. It had been put by for his breakfast, when the neighbour brought it in at noon in thanks for a bit of carpentry done gratis. It was the very thing and, as soon as he had begged leave, away the little one ran to fetch it.

But it was such a great round thing, it took quite a long time to get a firm hold upon it; and in that time, while the child's back was turned, a horrible thing began to happen.

In this last strange half-hour of the tramp's life, perhaps the strangest point had been, not that he was being well treated, merely, but that he *knew* he was being well treated—that he couldn't deny it—didn't want to deny it—that he wanted even, in some groping way, to make acknowledgment of it. But when the child's back was turned, there rose and swirled and rushed on the poor brain, a horrible returning tide—thick with the self-chosen mud of a lifetime.

"Good folks, these!" it dinned in his ears. "Pretty sort of good! Good! Eh? And taking up with *you*."

He heard the vile thing. Heard it? He was listening—listening hard. Or was he saying it?

He moved on his stool. He was getting up.

And the child turned and looked at him. . . .

"I'm a beast," said the tramp. He sat down again. He put his head down upon the table. He hadn't forgotten that the table was white, or that he was filthy. He hadn't forgotten anything, but he put his head down because he couldn't hold it up. "That's what I am," he said, "a beast."

The child set down the great globe out of his hands, and came on tiptoe to his friend's elbow. He didn't ask him not to cry, or seem afraid about the party being spoilt. He stood there while the dirty tears ran down on the clean board. And the tramp went on crying. But after a while he began to feel a succession of firm little pulls at his grubby sleeve.

"What's he wanting?" the tramp asked, at last.

It was awkward, looking up. But the workman opposite was cutting away at the loaf, for all the world as if he hadn't noticed anything.

"What's he wanting, mother?" asked the workman, comfortably.

At that the tramp turned to her, too.

"What's he wanting, mother?" he asked.

"He's wanting to climb up and kiss you, sir; if he may," said the Mother of God.

M. E. M. YOUNG.

*"High Churchism" versus "Ritualism."*¹

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE rise and development of the Ritualistic movement within the Church of England presents, in its various aspects, a phenomenon of profound interest and significance to the student of religious philosophy, to the historian, and, not least, to every convinced believer in Historic Christianity. Indeed this nick-name "Ritualistic," so commonly applied to the religious movement under consideration, is entirely misleading and inaccurate in that it obscures the broad fact that the development of actual ceremonial (to which the term "ritual" has loosely and ignorantly been applied) has been commensurate throughout with development in doctrine. For Ritualism, whatever may be its defects and limitations, is emphatically no mere matter of mediæval æstheticism or archæological research. Essentially a bold approximation (wherever possible) of Nationalism in Religion to its direct antithesis, Catholicism, it instances a spiritual reaction unique among the doctrinal developments of those religious systems which owe their breath and being to the upheaval of the sixteenth century.

Catholic Ritual is an inseparable accident of Catholic Dogma. If Dogma be regarded as, in a sense, the Soul of the Church, then Ritual is her Bones, Sinews, and Flesh. Wherefore it may be conceded that modern Ritualism is simply the natural and inevitable outcome of the Oxford, or Tractarian, Counter-Reformation, a movement which was itself designed, primarily, to counteract "Liberalism" or, in other words, the anti-dogmatic principle. Moreover the fact of the substantial identity of Tractarianism and Ritualism is strongly indicated by the following set of parallel circumstances.

¹ This paper was written many months before the present Kikuyu crisis arose in the Anglican Church, but it will serve to put in a clear light the state of the parties most immediately concerned in that controversy.

The Tractarian party was, almost from the first, bifurcated, and may be divided into two distinct subsections of opinion. The fundamental principles of these two Tractarian schools of thought were, in point of fact, radically incompatible, although the deep line of cleavage was temporarily bridged by their common devotion to dogma and aversion to "Liberalism." The one school of thought (of which William Palmer, of *Origines Liturgicæ* fame, may be cited as a typical exponent) was essentially insular in that its aim was merely to develop and assert the latent elements of Catholicity thought to be embedded in the Anglican formularies. The progressive abandonment of the "National" conception of the Church was unthinkable. The "true principles of the Reformation" had but to be asserted, and "our own Church"—the embodiment of Moderation, the *Via Media* standing (in the words of Bishop Ken) "distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations"—would shine forth fairer than the children of men. The other subsection of opinion, or school of thought (which was almost certainly brought into existence by the genius of Hurrell Froude), was made up of those who realised that the peculiar disorders which threatened altogether to remove the candlestick of the Church of England as a witness and guarantee of the truth, were really and essentially resultant upon her isolation from the residue of Christendom—however excusable and justifiable such isolation might be—and that the only remedy was the complete abrogation of the "Reformation Settlement" with a view to corporate reunion with the parent stock.

In order to appreciate the developments of the Oxford Movement, it will here be necessary to call attention to the opinions and the influence of that very remarkable man, Richard Hurrell Froude. These may best be gathered from certain passages in Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* (especially pp. 20, 27-28, 59), which describe how Froude broke down Newman's Protestant prejudice and taught him, besides many Catholic doctrines, to admire the Church of Rome and dislike the Reformation.

Great, then, undoubtedly, was Froude's influence upon Newman. And, up to the year 1845, the Creed of Tractarianism might substantially be summed up in the words: "*Credo in Newmannum.*" But Froude's influence upon the movement was by no means checked by the fact of Newman's secession. Of him might it truly be written: "The dead

which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." For the publication, in 1838, of his *Remains* was directly responsible for the conversion of "Ideal" Ward to the principles of Tractarianism. It is well-nigh impossible to over-estimate the importance of this, in view of the fact that Ward (as Professor Jowett and Dean Stanley—representatives of widely different schools of thought—have pointed out) succeeded Dr. Newman as the acknowledged leader of the Movement. The breadth and sanity of his theological stand-point may best be indicated by quoting the words of his son:—

He avowedly joined Newman's party towards the end of 1838; defended and strengthened the position of the famous Tract 90 in two pamphlets of the year 1841; and thenceforth pressed the Oxford Movement avowedly in the direction of the Roman Church. He maintained that the Church of Rome had preserved the reality of Church Authority, and that in spite of its corruptions it had retained the true *ideal* of a Church, which the Church of England had lost. . . . And he gradually came to hold that the Catholic Church, as the society in which sanctity had thriven and its true ideal had been preserved, fulfilled in the highest degree that function of true guidance which the ethical greatness of an Arnold or a Newman only partially secured. These views he advocated in the *British Critic* from 1841 to 1843, and elaborated more fully in the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, published in 1844. . . . *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, which the *Church Quarterly Review* has described as producing a greater immediate sensation than any ecclesiastical book of the century, plainly advocated not only reunion with, but ultimate submission to Rome, on the part of the English Church. But it did not advocate it as an immediate programme, but rather exhorted members of both Churches to prepare the way to union by leading devoted lives and encouraging the highest ideals of sanctity and asceticism.—Wilfrid Ward, Introduction to *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival* (pp. xvii, xviii).

With regard to the sub-party, of which we instanced Sir William Palmer as a typical representative, it will only be necessary to remark, at present, that it was based theologically upon a false estimate of the true nature and effects of the Reformation, and also upon a peculiar antiquarian conception of the Church of Christ. Thus, to take an example, Dean Hook—the able adherent of this sub-party who originated that epigrammatic description of the Reformation, so beloved by the Church Defence Society: "The Church of

England washed her face"—contrived so to write his *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* that anyone might read his biographies of Parker and Grindal without discovering that these personages were distinctly Zwinglian, and would find the blatant Calvinism of Whitgift entirely concealed. The antiquarian conception of the Church, put forth by the Neo-Anglicans, was (in the main) that, since the schism of Photius, she has lost the power of evoking at her need the authoritative Voice of the Indwelling Spirit; she has ceased to be the Pillar and Ground of the Truth, and the gates of Hell have prevailed against her.

That the two clearly-defined sub-parties outlined above are exactly reproduced in the modern Ritualistic system is a fact which cannot be disputed. Mgr. R. H. Benson's classification is to the point:—

Consider . . . the enormous cleavage between the Ritualist who appeals back to the primitive ages as containing the pure image of truth, and the Ritualist who, like ourselves in one respect, regards the Church as a living body in the present. To the one the Church is a statue carved by the hand of Christ, polished by the fingers of the Apostles, continually to be cleansed of lichens and accretions; to the other she is a living organism. . . . and yet to careless eyes their attitudes are identical. They both wear vestments, hear confessions, light lamps, and burn incense.¹

And here we may remark, in parenthesis, that the fact of variation in the assignment of the arbitrary periods during which the Church was, *ex hypothesi*, Infallible—some laying down the first four centuries, others the first six, and others, again, the period prior to the Eastern schism of the eleventh century—in no wise affects the point with which we are concerned. The principle remains quite unaffected. Hence arises the extreme difficulty experienced in any attempt to construct a really acceptable and comprehensive digest of "Ritualistic" theology. To take a specific instance, Canon Mason's *The Faith of the Gospel* (described by him as a "Manual of Christian Doctrine") is undoubtedly such an attempt—and an excellent one at that. But much of its teaching (acceptable enough to many of the Oxford school) falls far short of the general *consensus* of "advanced" Ritualistic opinion and in some instances (notably in the sections dealing

¹ Essay on "The Conversion of England," *Ecclesiastical Review*, March, 1906.

with Confirmation) is actually at variance with it. Again, Mr. Provost Staley's *The Catholic Religion*, a cheap and highly popular work (now in its seventeenth edition "completing one hundred and eighty-sixth thousand") contains matter, quite defective when judged by Catholic standards, upon such crucial subjects as the Invocation of Saints and Purgatory. Seeing that the fulness of Catholic practice with regard to the Veneration of the Saints has become an integral part of the religious life of a large section of Anglicans,¹ Mr. Staley's otherwise excellent book cannot, if for this reason alone, be cited as an authoritative compendium of Ritualistic theology. On the other hand, Dr. Mortimer's two volumes, *Catholic Faith and Practice*, and Dr. Darwell Stone's *Outlines of Christian Dogma* may perhaps be regarded as generally agreeable to "advanced" Ritualistic opinion. But many professed members of the Oxford school repudiate them as "extreme." Again, an able and plain-spoken article, entitled "A Foolish Feud," which appeared in a recent number of the *Church Times*, clearly indicates the fact that, broadly speaking, a grave doctrinal difference underlies the two principal ceremonial "Uses"—"Roman" and "Old English," or, as they are playfully called, "Spike" and "Prig"—employed by the Ritualists. (Of course it is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule on this point for the simple reason that many who are decidedly "International" or Catholic in doctrine and sympathy use "National" or Old English ceremonial from purely utilitarian or æsthetic motives, and *vice versa*.) Indications of this doctrinal divergence may likewise be noted in the various Ritualistic manuals of devotion. For instance, Mr. Stanton's *Catholic Prayers for Church of England People* is everything which its title implies it to be, while such a book as Mr. Bellair's *Before the Throne* (with a preface by the author of *The Faith of the Gospel*) contains many of the same devotions adapted and mis-translated so as to bring them into conformity with what may be termed High Anglican, or Anglo-Catholic doctrine.

At this juncture it will be convenient to pause and examine, quite briefly, certain crucial points of doctrine wherein

¹ Father M'Kee gives an admirable account of the revival and development of the *cultus* of the Saints within the Anglican Communion, in the Preface to his translation of Dr. Kirsch's *Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church*.

the two schools of Ritualistic thought differ one from the other. For the sake of clearness we will term the spiritual descendants of Palmer, Wilberforce, and Hook, "High Churchmen," and the followers of Newman, Oakeley, and Ward, "Ritualists"—both terms being used apart from their historical and exact connotations. And first, with regard to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. High Churchman and Ritualist alike would agree that, granted proper form, matter, and minister, the recital of the Words of Institution brings the theanthropic Presence of Christ objectively upon the Altar. But now comes a subdivision of opinion. The High Churchman, while insisting upon a Real Objective Presence, independent of the communicant, in the Lord's Supper, rejects any definition of the manner of that Presence, and repudiates the dogma of Transubstantiation as defined by the Council of Trent. Transubstantiation, in his view, rests on a false philosophy, goes beyond Our Lord's revelation, "overthroweth the nature of a sacrament," and attempts to localize the Heavenly Gift and subject It to temporal conditions. Similarly he rejects the Catholic Doctrine of Concomitance which eventuates in the practice of Communion in one kind, as "mutilating the Sacrament of Christ's love." He will, most probably, refrain from elevating the Consecrated Elements when celebrating the Lord's Supper, and if so be he reserves the Sacrament (which he may do, for the sake of expediency, in very exceptional cases) he will do so, solely and exclusively for the communion of the sick, under circumstances which would preclude its adoration by the main body of the faithful. He will most probably deposit it in a locked aumbry—perhaps even in the vestry—at any rate behind bolts and bars in some inaccessible chapel. The Ritualist, on the other hand, accepts *ex animo* the dogma of Transubstantiation, and will insistently teach it to the congregation committed to his charge (although, if he is a wise man, he will not actually use the term "Transubstantiation" in public, remembering that Mr. Kingdon, of St. Augustine's, Stepney, was, some few years ago, inhibited by the Bishop of Exeter for so doing). One clergyman, now deceased, of the Diocese of Birmingham, is actually reported, on good authority, to have thus "improved" the latter part of the Anglican formula of administration: "Take and eat this which was transubstantiated by the Blessed Virgin Mary," etc. This is, of course, an extreme instance. The Ritualist

will hold and teach Concomitance, and will "farse" the Service of the Lord's Supper with *Secreta* and Canon lifted bodily from the Roman Missal.¹ He will reserve in a Tabernacle or hanging Pyx above the High Altar or in the Ladye-Chapel, and his flock will be encouraged to make daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He will, if possible, celebrate the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, give Benediction with the Sacrament, and carry It in procession in the Monstrance. In short both in doctrine and practice he is undeniably Tridentine.

A like difference of opinion prevails among Neo-Anglicans regarding the state and place of the generations of faithful men who have passed away from this world. The High Churchman rejects the doctrine of Purgatory and relegates the Church Expectant to "Paradise." Prayers, vague in phraseology, may be offered "for their merciful judgment and joyful resurrection." No prayers which we can offer for the Christian dead accord better with this view than that which the English Church puts in our lips, "that God's Kingdom may be hastened, so that they and we alike may have our perfect consummation, both in body and soul."² So, again, it is regarded as more or less of an open question whether the prayers of the Court of Heaven and of its Queen avail us anything. At all events the direct Invocation of our Lady and the Saints is deprecated, whether from this feeling of uncertainty, or because, as a practice, it is supposed to tend towards "Mariolatry" and practical polytheism. The Immaculate Conception is at best an open question, and the Bodily Assumption is considered as probably legendary—Lady-Day-in-Harvest may possibly be observed as the feast of the *Koimesis* or "Falling Asleep" of St. Mary. The Ritualist, on the other hand, teaches that the faithful departed are in Purgatory, and (with Cornelius à Lapide and Catholic theologians generally) that Paradise is only another name for Heaven—*ubi Christus, ibi Paradisus*. Black Masses are said with devotion and regularity for the Holy Souls, and a Guild founded to propagate Catholic faith and practice with regard to the dead enjoys a large measure of popularity. A little book entitled *Our Dead: Where are They?* by the

¹ An act of sheer Protestant antinomianism which is now being given up by the more Catholic-minded of the Ritualists. *Vide* T. A. Lacey's *Alcuin Club Tract Liturgical Interpolations, passim*.

² *The Faith of the Gospel*, p. 367.

Rev. Harry Wilson, late Vicar of S. Augustine's, Stepney, may be instanced in evidence of the orthodoxy and Catholicity of Ritualistic teaching upon this subject. The Holy Saints, who have attained unto the State of Bliss, and the Nine Orders of Angels are to be invoked and honoured, and relics are to be held in veneration. The Mother of God is to be worshipped with *Hyperdulia*, and her Assumption and Immaculate Conception are taught as a matter of course. Societies such as the *League of Our Lady*, the *Confraternity of Our Lady*, and the *Living Rosary of Our Lady and St. Dominic* exist to encourage such devotion, and a "Bead Club" is to be found in many a parish. With regard to Dr. Darwell Stone's able pamphlet *The Invocation of Saints*, which is the recognized Ritualistic text-book on the subject, Father M'Kee has remarked: "It is difficult to distinguish in what points Mr. Stone's belief differs from the teaching of the Church on the Communion of Saints."¹ And this sentence may, *mutatis mutandis*, be applied to Ritualistic doctrine and practice in general. It is hardly necessary to add that, among Ritualists, the fulfilment of the Paschal Precept, and the observance of the Church's Rule as to Fast-ing Communion are considered absolutely essential as tests of Catholicity.

We have now to consider the High Anglican and Ritualistic positions with regard to the Church and See of Rome. Here we are faced by a tripartite divergence of opinion. The High Churchman conceives of the Church of England as an institution inherently and essentially national and local—"Our Church" is his favourite expression in speaking of it. One has only to skim through the pages of the *Church Times* and the *Guardian* week by week in order to see that such is the case. "Our beloved Church"—"Our Mother, the Church of England,"—"The Church of our Baptism"—are specimen phrases which appear, with the utmost regularity, in all sorts and conditions of books, serials, and Episcopal utterances. The marks of the One Catholic Body are thus mis-bestowed upon mere local communions, a fact which conclusively proves that, in the minds of the loose-thinking scribblers and babblers who use such phrases, "Our Church" is something entirely different from the Church of the Creeds.

¹ *The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church.* By Dr. J. P. Kirsch. Translated by John R. M'Kee, of the Oratory. *Translator's Preface*, p. xxviii.

In the earlier stages of the Ritualistic Movement this reprehensible High Church terminology anent the Church was freely used even by the very elect, as may be evidenced by reading such a book as Mr. G. W. E. Russell's interesting history of *Saint Alban the Martyr, Holborn*. Mr. Mackonochie, with all his Catholicity, was quite capable of speaking of the Hackney Sisters who were left behind, when the rest of the community seceded, as alone "remaining faithful to God and His Church!" It would be difficult to find a Catholic-minded Anglican who would use such words, under such circumstances, to-day. The following passage, which it is a pleasure to transcribe, not only provides an instructive contrast but is useful as showing how Ritualism, when fully developed, really strives to substitute the Catholic Ideal in Religion for the National:

"... Loyalty to the Church of England" [is] a phrase detestable and unjustifiable, if its real meaning is grasped, to the Catholic mind, unless it be carefully guarded and explained. . . .

I ask the Bishops to cease from asking men to be "loyal to the Church of England." It is a phrase which can be made consistent with the Catholic unity only when safeguarded by explanations, and it is so associated with Nationalism in the minds of the Catholic party that they detest it. I have heard a mutter of dissent run down the tables at an annual gathering at a theological college when a speaker at the dignitaries' table was sure that they were all "loyal to the Church of England." The only distinct words I heard in that murmur were "Provinces of Canterbury and York," which gives a clue to the ground for the objection. The true loyalty of every Christian must be to Christ. Loyalty to the Church Catholic does not come second to this but is inherent in it, because Salvation is social, and we are all members one of another, and membership of Christ and the state of salvation and the station in life to which it shall please God to call us (a term which makes life a corporate thing) all mean the same thing.¹

The illiberal and individualistic ideal of a galaxy of independent national churches formerly held by the extreme Ritualists is now the perquisite of the High Churchman and need not be further considered. It is not compatible with a wholesome thirst for the Re-union of the Anglican Church with the residue of Western Christendom. We come, then, to the Ritualistic view proper. One *species* of the *genus*

¹ Rev. F. Claude Kempson, *The Church in Modern England*, pp. 177, 183, 184.

Ritualist asserts the exclusive privileges and claims of the Anglican body and maintains that "the Italian Mission" is in open schism and must be avoided as an unclean thing. The Church of England is exclusively the Catholic Church in England and geographical or territorial principles must be rigidly adhered to. Every Mass celebrated in England by any priest in communion with the See of Peter is an act of mortal sin on the part of the celebrant, and any Absolution given by a Roman priest in England is almost certainly invalid. The same principle of course holds good in the case of Anglican Continental Chaplaincies, and so it is no uncommon thing to find the "rigorists" receiving the Sacraments (under false pretences) in Catholic Churches on the Continent and even passing themselves off as "Catholic priests" and asking to say Mass therein. The other Ritualistic *species*, while believing the Anglican (or, as it would be called, "Non-Papal Catholic") position to be tenable, yet looks upon the position of the Roman Church in England also as a lawful one, since it represents, and is in communion with, the great Church of the West.¹ Indeed the relationship existing between the Anglican and Western Churches is considered to be in the ratio of Daughter and Mother. The Primacy of the See of Peter is conceded as beyond dispute and the Holy Father is regarded as the Patriarch of the West. Mr. Spencer Jones's notable eirenic work, *England and the Holy See*, is the latter-day equivalent of Ward's *Ideal* and so identifies modern Ritualism with all that was best and noblest in Tractarianism. The *Society of S. Thomas of Canterbury* is doing yeoman service in dispelling the insensate terror with which the dogma of Papal Infallibility has hitherto been regarded, so that many clergymen, up and down the country, are now quite disposed to regard it as, at all events, a tenable "pious opinion."

And now, bearing these facts in mind, and remembering how Cardinal Wiseman saw in *Tract XC* a basis of accommodation between Anglicanism and Rome, we may ask ourselves: What are the prospects of Ritualism? What future is there for the Catholic Revival within the Church of England?

Any answer vouchsafed to such questions must, at best,

¹ As the late Rev. A. H. Stanton used to say: "It is sheer Pharisaism to say that it is right to go to a Roman Catholic church on the Continent, and wrong to go to one in England." Vide *Church Times*, April 4, 1913, p. 479.

be purely tentative. There can be no question whatsoever of the triumph of Ritualism in matters concerning the outward aspect of the Church of England. Comparison of the state of affairs prevalent to-day with those of seventy years ago proves this to the hilt. But it may be questioned whether this triumph in externals is really commensurate with a like triumph in matters of doctrine. *The Guardian*, for instance, has announced that a "Choral Eucharist" is henceforth to be the chief Sunday service in Durham Cathedral—and that the Revised Version (which, *inter alia*, eliminates the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses from the Sacred Canon) will, at the same time, be used at the Lectern. This may be taken as a typical instance of the partial nature of the Ritualistic triumph; the gain of the "Choral Eucharist" is counter-balanced by the loss of the graceful and (on the whole orthodox) English Bible at times of public worship. And this leads us, finally, to consider the bearing of one highly significant fact which is often treated as of slight importance. Ritualism, in revolutionising, wholly, the external aspect of the Church of England and, partially, its spirit, has evoked a dynamic force which may eventually be wrested to its own destruction. It is gradually impelling the episcopate, for the first time in history, to formulate a really coherent body of Anglican doctrine. At present, owing to the partial nature of the doctrinal revolution, and the fact that Anglicanism is in a state of transition, a wide latitude in belief and practice is allowed to the individual minister, including, of course, the advanced Ritualist. But there is every indication that such toleration will not continue for long. So we find the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, in their official Report "presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty" in 1906, distinctly stigmatizing certain Catholic practices as lying "on the Romeward side of a line of deep cleavage between England and Rome." The promulgation of this egregious "Report" has resulted in the deprivation of the Rev. O. P. Henly, Vicar of Wolverton S. Mary (for reserving the Sacrament on the High Altar of his church and—after proceedings had been instituted by the Bishop—celebrating the Rite of Benediction) and the persecution of the clergy of S. Bartholomew's and The Annunciation, Brighton, on much the same grounds. Prior to the Royal Commission, the Bishop of London had instituted proceedings against Mr. Myddleton Evans, of

St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Mr. Evans had been accustomed, *inter alia*, to hold the service of the Rosary in his church, to celebrate Benediction, and to carry the Sacrament in procession. All these clergy have felt it their duty to dissociate themselves from the Church of England.

Moreover, the events which have recently culminated in the secession of the Anglican Benedictine Community of Caldey Island, are a sure indication that the initiation of a policy of drastic repression on the part of the Episcopate is by no means so remote as many Ritualists would imagine. It is a fact of the utmost significance that the Bishops of London, Chichester, and Oxford, whose actions led to the secessions which we have instanced, were, and are, extreme High Churchmen, who have no hesitation in masquerading in Cope and Mitre as Catholic Prelates, while tolerating and fostering Socialism, Modernism and Free-Masonry—in short anything and everything inimical to Catholicism. The following contrast, though small in itself, is worth considering in this connection. When, in 1902, Robert Dolling died, the Bishop of London (Dr. Ingram) and the Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Lang, now Archbishop of York) assisted at his obsequies. "The two Bishops were vested in black copes, the Bishop of London also wearing his mitre," as Mr. Osborne records in his *Life of Father Dolling*. On March 31st, 1913, Arthur Stanton, for fifty years the beloved and revered assistant curate of S. Alban's, Holborn, was laid to rest. The *Church Times*, in the course of an eloquent description of the funeral, remarks that: "Nearly every rank in the social order is represented save one. No member of the Episcopate is here, nor any dignitary of the Church above the rank of canon!" A contrast ominous indeed!

It would seem, then, that Ritualism has little or nothing to fear from Erastianism or iconoclastic Protestantism, while it is threatened with extinction by the new High-Churchism. That far-sighted Ritualists are beginning to realise this is clear from the following trenchant words of Mr. Prebendary Denison:

Now the "High Church" people of to-day are the "Philistines" of the Catholic movement. Let me try and show you some of their pernicious work. . . . It is only some sixty years ago that the military had to be called out in Exeter to quell a riot which had arisen in consequence of the then Rector of St. Sidwell having preached in a surplice! Now it could not possibly matter

per se whether the preacher wore white or black. But you and I know perfectly well that the whole point of the story lay in the reason *why* the Rector of S. Sidwell insisted on preaching in a surplice. We know that it was the thin edge of the wedge for Eucharistic worship. Take again the surpliced choir. . . . In those days the surpliced choir and the surplice in the pulpit connoted the Catholic life and ideal. But in a very short time the Philistines swooped down upon us. It was "correct" to preach in a surplice and "correct" to have a surpliced choir. So these things were vulgarized and torn from the context of their original significance. . . . Now it means nothing at all. The Philistines have been upon us and have wrecked the whole thing. In London at the present day we are beginning to find the same thing even in respect of the Eucharistic vestments. They, too, alas! are beginning to be thought "correct"; and I know of churches where the vestments are worn where frightful things are done with the Blessed Sacrament. High Churchism has been doing its deadly work, and has stripped first one Catholic thing and then another of all its significance. . . . High Churchism constitutes a very real danger to the Catholic revival. We have trifled with it too long; it is time that we opposed it energetically, tooth and nail, for the noxious thing that it is.¹

In the comprehensive Church of England ritualistic Protestantism will have its place, and Catholic ceremonial, shorn of all its meaning, will be freely employed. Dr. Dearmer's *Parson's Handbook*—a directory of ceremonial on highly insular and Anglican lines, and which, moreover, rules out such practices as genuflection, elevation,² and the sign of the Cross at the Absolution and Blessing—will become the Anglican's *Baldeschi*. The use of Vestments will be "permitted" on the direct understanding that no "doctrine" is intended thereby. Incense, to quote the Archbishops' *Opinion*, "if used at all, must be used, in George Herbert's language, 'to sweeten the church, and outside of worship altogether.'" The Bishops will make great use of their newly-discovered *jus liturgicum*. "Unction" will probably be "restored" (in some dioceses), simply and solely as a means of "faith-healing" and not as a Sacrament of the Church. Extra services will be stringently over-hauled and duly vulgarized. A letter, "sent to about twenty-five churches," in 1899, by the Bishop of London, and quoted by His Lordship in the course of his evidence before the Royal Commission, shows the lines along

¹ *The Catholic Revival*, pp. 15, 16.

² The only "elevation" permitted will be the elevation of the alms-dish!

which such extra services will be regulated: "I am not prepared to sanction (1) The Washing of the Altar, (2) The Adoration of the Cross, (3) The Benediction of the Paschal Candle. I do not forbid the *Distribution* of Palms, provided it be not part of any other service; and that the prayers used are for a blessing on the people, not on the palms, which are to be regarded as memorials. The palms are not to be sprinkled or censed." Could a touching and eloquent Catholic ceremony be more degraded or travestied?

Empty ceremonialism is absolutely compatible with Latitudinarianism. The Anglican Episcopate fully agrees with Mr. Russell's "Deep Church" clergyman (in *A Londoner's Log-Book*) that "the wider divergence is the higher unity." Not for one moment is it contemplated to make the Establishment other than "the habitation of demons and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird." The Ritualistic Rook has been unduly obstreperous and must be expelled from the Happy Family. That, in homely language, is what the Ritualists are faced with. And here we will leave the matter, commending to the God of Battles the issue of the fray.

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

Mary's Meadow Papers.

I. THE HEAVENLY RUNECRAFT.

A FRIEND of ours told me, one day, that she was shocked to find how little Betty knew!

"She can neither read nor write, she can't count beyond twenty, she can't say any of her tables, she can't even tell the time, and she doesn't know what half-a-sovereign is!"

The friend was nearly ten years old, and Betty was just seven. The friend went twice a day to school, with a satchel on her back, to receive instruction from certificated mistresses, and I believe she spent the greater part of the evening in preparing lessons at home; I expect she knew exactly everything that Betty did not know, and I could not help feeling sorry that the little scholar should be so concerned over my baby's ignorance,—especially as I had been giving her regular lessons ever since she was five weeks old.

"What lessons?" asked Worldie, incredulously, and when I went on further to explain, she laughed so heartily that I thought it might be worth while to jot down exactly what Betty's lessons have been up to now. I know that Catholics won't laugh. For seven years my system has been to make deep dents on the soft brain; and the first dent was *Music*. All her baby days, after her bath, as soon as she was dressed for the night, she lay on my lap by the fire, enjoying her bottle, whilst I taught her to *love* singing praises to God; because I believe that so much depends on early association, and one always loves what one associates with mother-love.

For myself the idea of saying the Divine Office is a glorious one, but when in reality I tried to do it as a postulant in a Religious Order, I got so bored, and so hopelessly weary of the indoor monotony, that a wise Superior allowed me to spend Matins and Lauds in the garden. Oh! how ashamed I am now when I think of that! and yet at the time I felt helpless in the bonds of early association. When my own best self comes true she shall *delight* in singing praises to her

Creator; she shall not get tired and bored, and want to run out and look at the flowers, as I did. Flowers always had the power to bring my heart back at once to God; the music of words, unfortunately, I had never learned:—so St. Bernard's hymn was what I began by singing to Betty, as she lay rocking in my arms night after night. Of course I knew that, according to the book, the child should be put straight down into its cot; that it ought not to be rocked just after its bottle; and all those *Chevasse* kinds of wisdom. Mine was "the wisdom of those men of power, who instructed the people in most holy words, and sought out, by their skill, musical tones."

You know "The Virtues of the Name Jesus." The very name is music, and I have so fastened it in Betty's heart, that it will never come out of her thought,—that when she speaks to Him, and says "Jesu," through custom, it may be in her ear joy, and in her mouth honey, and in her heart melody.

Later on we sang "Heart of the Holy Child," and St. Francis Xavier's hymn, and as soon as Betty could speak she sang the chorus:—

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Then came the hymns to Mary: "Hail, Queen of Heaven," "O purest of Creatures," and "Look down, O Mother Mary, from thy bright throne above."

I once knew a rich old widow lady, a recent convert, who said that her greatest ambition had been to become a Child of Mary; and I have never forgotten how she was not in the least ashamed of saying so,—in fact she boasted of it,—although the people who heard her generally laughed. To the average, material mind it did seem rather funny. But oh! what a lovely world it would be if every rich old lady had the same gentle, humble ambition!

I always taught Betty to look up from the earthly mother who warmed her bottle, to a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which hung over the nursery mantelpiece. That blue-robed figure, with the calm face and folded hands, had been a sudden inspiration of my own—if indeed that woman in a London flat was I! that woman who suddenly felt sick of the world, and the ambitions of the world, and the ways of fashion, and the false standards by which all things were

judged; and who said, "Not at home," one evening, and sat down for a couple of hours, trying to work out an expression of true womanliness from a little print of a picture by Baldovinetti in the Louvre. I intended it to be a present for the mother of "Boy Blue," but it was evidently one of those things which *meant* to form a part of Betty's home. My dear friend's death, before it reached completion, left it on my hands; and so it came about that upon my adopted daughter's happy evening devotions my Mother Mary looked down.

When Armel's piano rendered instrumental music a delightful possibility, Betty was allowed to accompany herself with one finger, if she first looked up to the "Ecce Homo" (which his mother gave us as a wedding present), and said,

O! Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may love Thee daily, more and more.

This was Armel's idea. He hung the beautiful bas-relief above the piano, and he taught Betty to offer up all her music to our Lord.

Don't tiny children *love* to play the piano?—and how easy it is to direct that affection and that happiness to the glory of God! Betty always calls it her "Service," and still says, "Please may I have a little service?" when she means that she wants to pick out tunes.

Arithmetic, in which our little friend found her so backward, was our very next lesson; but it never occurred to me to go beyond the number five:—"Kiss His Hands, kiss His Feet, kiss His Heart," as we held the crucifix, had seemed to me the perfection of all that counts—humanly speaking. Whilst, as for multiplication, if Betty has not learned "her tables," it is because they are *not* hers. Hers is in the porch, a flap-table, which she knows how to put up for any poor people who are in need of a meal, and they would assure you that she has learned it very well indeed: so that with regard to arithmetic, on the Last Day of her term, when the Great Examination takes place, I believe that the Examiner will be entirely satisfied.

Everyone cannot be clever, but I believe that every child ought to be trained to be both wise and good. Do you remember St. Veronica of Milan, the child of peasant parents, who after days of toiling in the house and fields would rise at night to try to teach herself to read? As the desire for perfection grew upon her, she became anxious about

her lack of learning, but our Blessed Lady was sent to comfort her with the assurance that this was not necessary; and she revealed to her three mystical signs, which would teach her more than any books. The first, signified purity of intention; the second, abhorrence of murmuring or criticism; the third, daily meditation on the Passion of Christ.

So, remembering this, our writing lessons were equal to the arithmetic in simplicity—a straight stroke, placed perpendicularly, I signified “look up,” our daily duties must be done for no human motive but for God alone. A straight stroke, horizontally placed, — was the sign for going straight on with what ever we were doing, never judging our neighbours, but praying for any one who seemed to be making a mistake. Whilst the two strokes, placed over each other,

† meant think of Jesus dying on the Cross, remember how He *loves* you, and when you have a little pain try to bear it bravely for the love of Him.

It seemed to me that if Betty spent her first seven years in assimilating these ideas she would have laid a very solid foundation on which to build her spiritual life—before she came to the use of reason. So, year after year, whilst her school-girl friends filled their minds with concern over the fact that she could not write, Betty filled exercise-book after exercise-book with these three mystic signs; and I felt like a Saxon mother in the olden days, teaching my child rune-craft. A rune, as I expect you know, is one of a particular set of alphabetical characters peculiar to the ancient northern nations of Europe, all the runes being formed almost entirely of straight lines, either single or in composition.

With regard to reading, Betty read nicely at three years old, very well indeed to my mind, although to Worldie and her companions it seemed that just because she was not acquainted with many words her reading lessons must have been neglected. Not so, by any means. Our book was the Hon. Mrs. Kavanagh's arrangement of the Mass for children, and we studied it regularly every morning after breakfast. GOD, JESUS, MARY, were the words we learned. We pointed to them, we took it in turns to spell them, we pounced to see which of us was able to find them first, and we practised bowing our heads at our dear Lord's Name.

Then, at the age of four, Armel taught her LOVE, and she was so proud to find it for me, and say, “I've got a Daddy now. Daddy loves me, and he has taught me *that*.”

The fewer things you know the more you are likely to ponder on them; and if you know only beautiful and holy words, then you can only read beautiful and holy books. "And in the crises of life, when she has to choose for herself, unadvised, and without time to deliberate, she will instinctively follow the line of conduct which has become familiar to her in thought and sympathy." That was what I meant when I said that I hoped some day Betty would be a second Joan of Arc, should the world need her. Her standard will have always been the standard of the Saints; the ideal of heroic charity has been set up before her, and the law of her life is simply the law of Love. She knows that she possesses free-will, and she uses her liberty to wish to be the handmaid of the Lord.

It is a great thing to know *what to wish*, and one has to educate a child's desires. It was with this object in view that Betty learned her alphabet from an A.B.C. of Saints, which I designed especially for her, with a short account of each, and a request. I gave it to her on her eighteen-months-old birthday. (When she was a baby I loved her so much, and I thought her progress so wonderful that I used to keep her birthday twice a year.) It is called "Friends for Betty," and when it was done I was really very pleased about it. I felt that the whole idea had been an inspiration. How little does one know about parallel development, and the laws which govern the thought world! The reply I got from an editor to whom I submitted the MS. was that, strangely enough, that very week, another Alphabet of Saints had been sent to him for review; and as the other alphabet was by Monsignor Benson, and Reginald Balfour, and S. C. Ritchie, in verse, with beautiful illustrations, needless to say mine never went further than Betty's nursery cupboard! becoming more than ever her own especial property. Twenty-six such friends are indeed a possession worth having, not only as happy illustrations of the A.B.C. of Spiritual Science, but also as comforters who gather round in times of toothache and "wibble-wobbles." I wonder if you ever suffered from "wibble-wobbles" when you were a child? The bed keeps going up, up, up, very high; and then down, down, down, very low; and whilst the bed is going up and down you can see all kinds of creatures in the air, and horrid faces on the curtain—and the doctor calls it "high temperature." Betty, who is so seldom ill, can't bear it, and I have to sing to all the

Saints to come and make her better, and set her mind right again. This is how it goes:—

Please, dear Saint Antony, make little Betty better,
Please, dear Saint Benedict, make little Betty better.

It rather amuses Armell! The tune was composed in one of those intense moments of child-pain and mother-love, when one would "*drink up the sea*" if it would do any good. It is a monotonous sing-song, but an infallible remedy; by the time we reach St. Zita the bed remains in its proper place, the "wibble-wobbles" have departed, and the faces are the faces of our dear familiar "Friends."

Drawing followed naturally, as the next lesson. Betty drew Saints, with their descriptive emblems, on her slate, for me to guess. Sometimes it took a good deal of guessing! but I always felt that it was lovely for a tiny child to attempt a picture of St. George, fighting the Dragon, or St. Kenti-gern, restoring to life his master's bird.

History, geography, and foreign languages, are all included in the stories of the Saints. Betty likes, of course, to search out on a map for the countries where her great "Friends" lived, and she likes to know in what language they made their jokes, and their lovely spiritual maxims. The history of kings and empires fits easily round that greater history of the servants of the King of kings. "Halos and Crowns" is the name of our history lesson; and our geography, which at first divided itself simply between the Holy Land and the Ocean of God's Love, gradually travelled, with the spread of Christianity, over the whole face of the earth.

One word of Greek seemed to be sufficient for a child of one, and *Logos* was of course the word we chose. A picture of St. John, the Evangelist, looking up at his far-seeing, emblematic eagle, hangs, for my inspiration, above the writing table, and pointing to that picture it is easy to explain how our Lord's favourite disciple hesitated to commit to paper his impressions of the Divine revelation—only if all his friends would pray for him that he might be inspired to write exactly in accordance with the Will of God, would he consent to begin his gospel, at their unceasing request. And then the *Logos* came to him—and who that writes at all has not at some moment felt the joy of that sudden coming of the inevitable word!—and the Word was God, and God is Love, and the *Thought* of God was *Love*. This exact definition of the Greek word may seem deep teaching for a baby, but

with St. John's kind help it presented no difficulties to Betty's mind. As she has never damaged the delicate tissues of her brain with *Blue Beard*, and *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *The Forty Thieves*, she was able to appreciate the humour of St. John's short and unvaried sermon, of which the disappointed listeners got so tired. Have you ever thought what a charming nursery story it is, told thus: When St. John was an old man at Ephesus he preached to the people, and they flocked to hear one who had leaned on his Master's breast at the Last Supper, who had stood at the foot of the Cross, to whose filial care Jesus had confided His own dear Mother. What stories he must have learned from her of her Divine Son's hidden life! what interesting sermons he would be able to preach! but he only just said, "Little children, love one another." Perhaps he was tired, perhaps next day he would tell them more; the people came again; but next day it was again the same thing, and the next, and the next, and always—just, "Little children, love one another." One describes him: An old man, leaning on a stick, his tame dove on his shoulder, helped in by faithful friends, his venerable, spiritual face shining with heavenly emotion. "What are you going to say to-day?" the people asked, as a hint that they would like something fresh. "What are you going to preach about this morning?" And he would say, "Something lovely," smiling benignly upon them all, "something perfectly beautiful," and the people would prepare themselves to listen, with eager anticipation. . . . Then he would say again, "Little children, love one another," and they would go away puzzled and disappointed. Betty used to feel, with them, all eagerness for the sermon, and when the same old sentence came she would smile with intense delight. At last they asked, "Why do you always say the same thing?" and St. John answered, "Because there is nothing more to be said. If you learn, like little children, to love one another, *you will be in the Kingdom of God!*" He had leaned upon the Sacred Heart, and he had listened to the rhythm of its beating, and he had understood that there is nothing else, in all the world, but *Love*.

Latin, for Betty, consisted in the morning salutation of a Religious House. Whichever of us woke first sang out "*Benedicamus Domino*," and the other answered "*Deo Gratias*." An old friend laughed at me when I solemnly assured her that my baby, directly she could speak, was going to thank God for

everything—especially the things she did not like. But with St. Theresa's help it was not so very hard a lesson to instil. We used to practise during our perambulator walks, on windy days, up and down the long, broad path. Each time we turned and met the wind, and the clouds of dust blew in our eyes, Betty and I said *Deo Gratias* backwards and forwards to each other, as a sort of game,—until we turned again and the wind was at our backs. So she grew easily familiar with the idea that "*Deo Gratias*" was the equivalent expression for something physically unpleasant; and in after years, whenever I heard a little voice whispering the Latin words beside me, I knew that she had got some tiny pain. Thus was St. Theresa's "short cut to sanctity" accomplished; and in our nursery this is what you might often have overheard:

Betty: "*Deo Gratias!*"

Mummy (pausing in the middle of her writing or cooking): "What is it, darling?"

Betty: "My loose tooth aches a little bit."

Mummy (holding out her arms and rushing towards her):
"O! you sweet little Saint."

This is what Betty knew,—in spite of all that Worldie said she did not know,—when at seven years old she came to the use of reason, and I handed her over to do real lessons with "Daddy." But, lest you might erroneously suppose that my adopted baby was too good to live, I think, some day, I shall have to tell you of her other self—called "Susan!"

VIOLET O'CONNOR.

FEBRUARY FORESEEINGS.

Wet day and wetter night: the earth a smirch
With trodden leavings of the garnered tilth—
Ugh! what a morning! See how yonder birch
Shrinks her tempestuous petticoat from out the filth!

Nay,—look a little deeper:—sit with me
On this rough stile,
Here in the shelter of the hedge's lee,
And for a little while
Bid your too casual eyes to really see.
What though the roads are rivers, ditches rills,
Hear *we* the grateful swallowings of the earth
And mark how February with flush dykes fulfils
His mission of the Baptist to Spring's birth!

The wind has dropped—the white mist warms to gold;
In the suffused light see the young wheat
Twinkle a million diamonds at our feet:
Great "Lords-and-Ladies" spotted capes unfold
And lesser ladies lift their mantles up,
Each a green crystal-nursing cup.
Ground ivy, trodden, smells to the misty sun;
In the brown hedge the elder shoots are green
And, the bare thorn between,
Green buds climb up the climbing eglantine.
There, for Spring's banquet, the smooth celandine
Fashions, with careful craft, beneath his leaves,
His bronze-gilt goblets innocent of wine,
And everywhere the humble hedge weeds run,
And each, for her, a cunning kerchief weaves.
Young seedling cleavers, speedwell's unborn blue,
Promise of violets, a primrose leaf,
Hedge parsley rampant, mercury,—in brief
Spring, summer, autumn, winter—in review.

There's a blue tit
Trapezing on a twig:—and hark!
Heard you that rollicking lark
Throwing his song to heaven and catching it!
See yonder where he goes
After the song he throws,
Climbing in lessening circles to the sun.
There's my brave blackbird—what a shout of laughter
As down the hedge he lilts—and over!

His wise brown wife close following after
 To keep her lord her lover,
 Before housekeeping cares have yet begun.
 And look!—there's that fine fellow
 In coat of brown with waistcoat speckled yellow,
 The February thrush, who sings
 Matins at dawns, Vespers at evenings,
 And, as he tugs worms from the reluctant sod,
 Says grace all day, for difficult meals, to God.

* * * * *

In March the dullest eye can see,
 The dullest ear can hear the Spring.
 I, in November, see buds burgeoning
 On every tree;
 And through the winter days
 Can hear the roundelays
 Of unborn birds; and know
 What Earth is dreaming 'neath the kindly snow.
 For the empiric year,
 Fashioned by man out of unmeaning Time,
 Shows the same face to me in its career.
 I need not climb
 Above the morning mists to see the sun.
 I see it always from my soul's eyrie,
 From that aloof observatory see
 The atom stars merge in Eternity
 Their trivial æons ended ere begun.

There is no Death:—the World is always Spring!
 God's breath is equal in the bud and seed.
*Yet, Life lives only in imagining
 Unless it know its Lord.
 Life's only need
 To make its day eternal is to know
 It lives not otherwise than in His word.*

The dear blue gentian and the covering snow
 Live equally:—but not to them is given
 To earn by humbleness the heritage of heaven.
 Not sons are they—not sons and therefore heirs.
 The lark's glad song must stop at high heaven's gate;
 Nor can the cares
 Of the good, thankful thrush make him our mate.
 We only, thankless, have what these others lack
 Yet give not back
 The only thing we have to give;—

The only thing that, given, makes us live!
 Not only give not back but grope and peer
 About the gutters of our tiny Earth
 And scrape the crust of this most inconsiderable Sphere
 To find a way
 To forfeit our inheritance, deny our birth.
 As if an heir should say:—
 "Behold! I use my man's estate, new come,
 To make me, henceforth, dumb,
 And the first freedom of my unfettered years
 To forge new bonds that shall again control,
 And now, for always, my just-wingéd soul.
 I choose, not joy, but tears;
 Because I will not say
 I hold my State in fief to him who gave:
 I will not, even to my father, be a slave!"

He asks not slavery—but the wish to know.
 May not a Father, giving to his son
 All Earth's dominions and the realms of Sea,
 Reserve a little?—Ask him still to owe
 The slight subservience of a vassal knee
 Bent to admit the suzerainty of the Sun?
 Or, all these gifts beside,
 Must man his little mind, still niggard, hold
 And the poor heriot of his Copyhold
 Be to its Overlord eternally denied?

"He who hath eyes to see . . ." our Lord hath said.
Thou hast! And *thou!* And *thou!* And *thou!*
 Oh! use them—*now!*
 None die save those determined to be dead.

Leave the circumference of the revolving wheel
 Where all is dust and noise, and sit with me
 Here in the centre—in the heart of things.
 Here all is still.
 But your attuned ear shall hear low whispers steal,
 The birth throbs of innumerable Springs.
 Your new-inspired eyes shall see
 The workings of the Inevitable Will.
 The punctual thrust of the World's driving-rod:—
 And your awed fingers feel
 Earth's measured heart-beats and the eternal pulse of God!

H. W. BLISS.

Notes on Familiar Prayers.

V. THE OUR FATHER IN ENGLISH.

HAVING been invited a few years back to write a short article on the Lord's Prayer for the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, it occurred to me to ask myself, I fear for the first time: What is the history of the translation of the *Pater noster*, now familiar to us all. It cannot but seem remarkable, when one thinks of it, that both Catholics and Protestants should use identically the same form.¹ And it is equally strange that the version adopted agrees neither with the Catholic rendering of Matt. vi. 9-13 as we find it in the Rheims Testament and in the later Douai editions, nor with that of the Protestant "Authorized" English Bible of King James I. Of course the explanation which at once suggests itself, and which one is tempted for the moment to take for granted, is that the translation is pre-Reformation and that the Protestants took this over as they took over many other things (say, for example, the formulæ of the marriage-service) in which popular sentiment was closely bound up. This sounds very plausible, but does it agree with the facts? I am afraid that investigation shows that the case stands almost the other way. The truth seems to be that for the last three hundred years we Catholics have in some sense been using a Protestant version of the best and most indispensable of prayers without adverting to the source through which it came to us. The person primarily responsible for the acceptance of that form of the Our Father which is familiar to us to-day is probably his Gracious Majesty King Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith and Supreme Head in earth of the Church of England; while we may fairly assume that in such a matter he did not act without the counsel and efficient co-operation of his worthy vicegerents, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. Curiously enough I have not yet come across any attempt to investigate this question, at any rate from a Catholic point of view, and it may seem worth while to give a little space to the consideration of the problem here.

¹ The slight variations which at present exist will be referred to later on.

And at the outset of our inquiry we are met with another question to which it seems very difficult to obtain a definite answer from the standard authorities to which one would naturally turn. When the illiterate peasantry who formed the vast bulk of the population of mediæval England learned the Our Father, Hail Mary and Creed, as the provincial constitutions of the English Church required them to do, did they learn it in Latin or in English? Was it in Latin or in English that the *Pater* and *Ave* were recited several times every Sunday during the "Bidding Prayers" in all the parish churches of the land? Or again, when our forefathers used those rosaries, long and short, which we see so often suspended from the girdles of both sexes in mediæval brasses, was it in Latin or in English that they were accustomed to repeat the prayers corresponding to the beads which they passed through their fingers?

There cannot, I think, be a doubt that down to the time of the Reformation the official and the only official form of the *Pater* was the Latin, and that this was used on all public occasions. Translations there were in plenty, but when we note that hardly any two of them agree as we find them preserved to us in manuscripts or early printed books, this fact alone would be almost sufficient to prove that they can never have been used for public prayer. This lack of agreement, it seems clear, is not merely due to uncertain orthography, or to the variations of dialect, or to the fact that one form was approved in a particular district or diocese, while in other parts of the country a different version prevailed. Even in the same manuscript, written throughout in the same hand, we find that when the *Pater* in English chanced to occur more than once, it is not always repeated in identically the same terms. Here is the version found in certain translations of the famous prayer-book for lay-folks, known as the "Primer," and consisting principally of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The principal manuscripts of this vernacular translation (they are few in number) were collated some years ago, and edited by Mr. H. Littlehales. The text I quote is that which occurs in the earliest and best manuscript (MS. G. 24, of about A.D. 1400, in St. John's College, Cambridge):

Fader oure that art in hevene halwed be thi name, thi Kyngdom come to, thi wille be doon in erthe as in hevene, oure eche daies bred gif us to day and forgive us our dettes,

as we forgyve to our detoures and lede us nought into temptacion bote delivere us from yvel, Amen.¹

Now when this same prayer comes to be repeated a little further on, it is no longer given in precisely the same form. Instead of "thi Kyngdom come to," we find the phrase inverted—"come to thi Kyngdom." Instead of "and lede us nought," the scribe has written "ne lede us nought," and in another place, instead of "thi wille be doon" we have "be thi wil ido."² Of course these are very trifling variations, but they would hardly occur if any approved formula had been stereotyped in the writer's mind by daily repetition. The form here quoted is particularly interesting because, although it begins differently from ours, with its "Fader oure, that art," &c., it is on the whole an anticipation of the version which has ultimately prevailed. Here again are two different versions printed in the early sixteenth century. The first is from the well-known *Mirrore of our Ladye*, a translation executed for the Bridgettine nuns of Sion, and its text runs as follows:

Our Father that art in heaven, Thy name be hallowed, Thy Kingdom may come, so be Thy will done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgyve us our trespasses as we forgyve our trespassors and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.³

The second occurs in the *Myrrour of the Chyrche*, a book produced by the printer of the first, Wynkyn de Worde:

Our Fader that art in Heven, sanctified be thi Name; thy Kyngdome come to us, thy wyl be done in erth as in Heven, our dayly brede gyve us to day and forgyve us our detes as we forgyve our dettis [? dettoris], and lede us not into temptacion, but delyver from evil. Amen.⁴

It would be easy, but also quite unprofitable, to multiply such specimens. Let me be content with one more taken from the famous *Kalender of Shepherdes*, a work frequently reprinted in the sixteenth century, which is remarkable as being the earliest book, so far as is at present known, to contain in English the second part of the *Ave Maria*—"Holy Mary, Mother of God," &c. This particular edition was printed at London, by R. Pynson, in 1506:

Our fader that arte in heven, holy be made thy name, thy

¹ See Littlehales, *The Prymer*, Lond., 1891, p. 20.

² *Ibid.* pp. 42 and 72.

³ *Mirrore of our Lady*, A.D. 1530, pp. 73-75.

⁴ *The Myrrour of the Chyrche*. London. 1521.

royalme must come to us, thy wyll be done in erthe as in heven, our dayly brede gyve us to day, and forgyve us our synnes as we forgyve other and suffer nat us to be temptyd, but delyver us fro all evyll.¹

Still it would seem that the use of such translations was not very popular. On the whole there can be little doubt that Caxton expressed the feeling, not only of the ecclesiastics, but also of the laity of his time when he wrote:

Some now in these days use to say in English their Psalter and Matynes of our Lady, the seven Psalms and the litaney. Many reprove it for to have the sawter, matynes or the gospel or the bible in English by cause they may not be translated into no vulgare, word by word as it standeth, without great circumlocution, after the feeling of the first writers which translated them into Latin by teaching of the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless I will not reprove to have them in English nor to read on them when they may stir you to more devotion and to the love of God. But utterly to use them in English and leve the Latin I hold it not commendable.²

It is pretty obvious that Caxton regarded this use of English in saying the Psalter and other prayers as a somewhat new-fangled idea, which he only half approved. Moreover, there is plenty of confirmatory evidence which indicates that the most familiar prayers of the Church were invariably taught in Latin, even to the rudest. Not the least significant of these indications is the fact that the Lord's Prayer, Angelical Salutation and Creed were invariably referred to in mediæval writers by their Latin names, *Pater, Ave, Credo*. A rosary was known as a "paternoster," an apparatus intended, at least originally, for counting *Pater nosters* upon. Similarly, a man who made rosaries was in all European languages known as a "paternosterer," while to "patter" was to move the lips like a man repeating *Paters*. Furthermore, we find that when any ecclesiastic set himself to expound the Lord's Prayer, he invariably quoted the clauses in Latin before translating them into English—a good example may be found in the fourteenth century Kentish treatise, the *Ayenbite of Inwit* (Remorse of Conscience). Similarly we know that in France, in reciting the bidding prayers of the Prône, it was customary, down to the end of the seventeenth century, to say the *Pater noster, Ave* and Creed in Latin, a practice which was emphasized by the fact that at the close of

¹ *The Kalender of Shepherdes*. London (R. Pynson). 1506, g. iv. recto.

² Caxton, *Chastysing of Goddes Children*. Cf. Dibden, *Typ. Ant.* i. 356.

that period, episcopal instructions began to be issued in certain dioceses, directing the *Curé* to say the prayers mentioned in Latin and in French on alternate Sundays, to accustom the people to the use of both forms. Moreover, it was the custom, as has previously been shown in these pages, for children to learn to read out of a Latin Primer, and, as the first exercise of all after they had learnt the alphabet and simple syllables, to get by heart the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo*. The statutes of the Chantry School of Childrey, near Wantage, in 1526, make it clear that the Lord's Prayer, Creed, &c., were to be taught in Latin, while other such matters as the Ten Commandments and the Works of Mercy were to be learnt in English.¹

It may seem to us nowadays an incredible thing that rude peasants, often doubtless, during the early stages of their conversion little raised above the level of savages, should have been required to learn the most essential of prayers in a foreign tongue; but, of course, we have to remember that when the tradition was formed in the Western Church the first preachers of the Gospel found themselves for the most part in the presence of a native population already half Romanized. It was so, beyond question, in Spain, Gaul and Africa, and even when Christianity was first preached in Britain. For long centuries the very learning of so much Latin as was required to gain familiarity with the *Pater* and *Credo* was a step forward out of barbarism. It was a spur and encouragement to a man, taking him out of his old debasing surroundings. Neither must it be forgotten that for long centuries, even after the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties were buried in oblivion, Latin remained the language not only of government, law and ecclesiasticism, but also of culture. Down to the end of the sixteenth century it was a spoken language to an extent which hardly any of us now realize, and it still remains an open question whether the most famous preachers in England and France as late as the fourteenth century did not habitually deliver their sermons in Latin. It is not, therefore, at all difficult either to understand how the tradition of Latin formularies of prayer first established itself, nor to realize that it continued so long that in the end it became sacrosanct. Religion is inevitably conservative. An observance which is in itself merely ancient and customary, when it is closely associated with those religious emotions which lie deepest in man's nature, is soon

¹ See Carlton Brown in *Modern Philology*, vol. iii. p. 21.

regarded as possessing a virtue which is almost sacramental. The very men who could only be induced or enabled to learn the *Pater* and *Credo* in Latin by threats of censure and by the most tremendous efforts on the part of the clergy would probably have been the first to resist any innovation which permitted public prayers to be said in the vernacular. It was part of the initiation, part of the mystery which marked them off from the unregenerate pagans, and they did not wish their privilege to be cheapened. Hence I am inclined to think that if the *Pater* and *Credo* continued to be learned and recited in the official language of the Church, this was due quite as much to the conservatism of the people as to the perversity of their Bishops and pastors. Further there is absolutely no reason to doubt, in view of the stress that was laid upon the duty of expounding these prayers, that the more intelligent majority acquired a sufficient understanding of the meaning of what they said. Even when instruction is entirely conducted in the vernacular the results are not, or at least, used not to be, always flattering to the complacency of the well-meaning teacher. If I may be pardoned a momentary digression, the following was quoted a good many years ago in a public report as an average specimen of the results obtained when a class of children in an elementary school were asked to set down in writing a portion of the Church Catechism, which they were able, of course, to repeat by ear as glibly as parrots:

My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering and to loaf withold your arts withold my mine, withold my sold and with my seroth to whirchip and give thanks to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner his old name and his world and to save him truly all the days of my lifes end.

If the children, we might think, had learned the *Pater* in Latin they could have hardly have attached less meaning to it, and on the other hand, there seems no room for doubt that immense pains were taken, both in the early and later Middle Ages, to expound the Latin *Pater* intelligibly to the people. The conciliar decrees of the Carolingian period frequently come back upon the point. An ordinance, for example, passed in the Council of Mainz in 813, insists much that all Christians must be constrained by ecclesiastical penalties to learn the Our Father and Creed. It is suggested even that they should send their children to be properly taught these prayers in the monasteries in order that when they come

back to their homes they might in turn instruct their parents and kinsfolk. And the decree ends with the words *Et qui aliter non potuerit, vel in sua lingua hoc discat*—and he who shall be unable to learn it otherwise let him learn it at any rate in his own language. Neither was this constraint altogether ecclesiastical. All lay patrons of learning and upholders of moral discipline used their influence on the same side. The Emperor Charlemagne, as we may infer from his correspondence with Bishop Garibaldus (or Ghaerbaldus), seems to have delivered little sermons to his bishops and the world at large about the use of the Lord's prayer in much the same style as finds favour with an illustrious Teutonic Sovereign of our own day. But such men also as King Alfred and King Canute adopted a similar tone, as when, for example, we find the last named monarch with the assistance of his Witan framing such enactments as the following:

And we instruct that every Christian man learn so that he may at least be able to understand aright orthodox faith and to learn the *Pater noster* and Creed; because with the one every Christian man shall pray to God and with the other manifest orthodox faith. Christ Himself first sang *Pater noster* and taught that prayer to His disciples, and in that divine prayer there are seven prayers. Therewith who inwardly sings it he ever sends to God Himself a message regarding every need a man may have, either for this life or for that to come. . . . Nor is he well a Christian who will not learn it; nor may he lawfully receive another man at baptism (*i.e.*, act as godfather in baptism), nor at the bishop's hand (*i.e.*, in confirmation) before he so learns it that he will know it.¹

There can be no doubt that with the view of making the *Pater* and *Credo* intelligible to the laity, translations were made at a very early date into every European tongue, so much so that these versions and expositions and verse paraphrases of the Lord's prayer are found among the earliest monuments of most vernacular literatures. This was certainly the case in Germany² and it was so in a measure in our own country. It may be interesting to give the text of one of the oldest of these Teutonic versions.

Fater unser du pist in himilum, kauuhit si namio din, piqhueme rihhi din, uuesa din uuillo sama so in himile est sama in

¹ *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, Thorpe's translation, p. 160.

² See for example Müllenhoff and Scherer, *Denkmäler deutscher Poesie und Prosa*, vol. i. pp. 163 ff., 202 ff., 206 ff., 209, &c.

erdu; pilipi unsraz emizzigaz kip uns eogauuanna enti flaz uns unsro sculdi sama so uuir flazzama unseren scolom, enti ni princ unsih in chorunka, uzzan kaneri unsih fona allem santan. Amen.¹

This specimen, which comes from Friesingen, probably dates back to the eighth century. Since that period translations innumerable have been produced; but, as already explained, by their very multiplicity they make it clear that no such thing as a generally authorized version was known prior to the Reformation. We can only say that in contrast to England and some other countries, the official use of translated forms was encouraged in Germany during the fifteenth century by such an influential ecclesiastic as Cardinal Nicholas da Cusa, and possibly by others.

Thus things continued in Great Britain until Henry VIII. openly broke with the Holy See, and then, in his capacity of Supreme Head of the Church, proceeded to enforce his own ideas of a suitable liturgy for popular use. We are not concerned here with anything but the version of the Lord's prayer, but it must be evident to every thoughtful person that such a measure as that outlined in the following royal Injunction must have produced a profound impression upon the external religious practice of the whole country. I quote, in modernized spelling, from the copy prefixed to the royal Primer of 1545.

Henry VIII. by the grace of God &c. &c. To all and singular our subjects as well Archbishops . . . priests and all others of the clergy, as also all estates and degrees of the lay fee and teachers of youth within any our realms, dominions and countries, greeting.

Among the manifold business and most weighty affairs appertaining to our regal authority and office, We, much tendering the youth of our realms, whose good education and virtuous bringing up redoundeth most highly to the honour and praise of Almighty God, for divers good considerations and specially for that the youth by divers persons are taught the Pater noster, the Ave Maria, Creed and Ten Commandments all in Latin and not in English, by means whereof the same are not brought up in the knowledge of their faith, duty and obedience, wherein no Christian person ought to be ignorant; and for that our people and subjects which have no understanding in the Latin tongue and yet have the knowledge of reading may pray in their vulgar tongue which is to them best known, that by the mean thereof they should be the more provoked to true devotion and the better set their hearts upon those things that they pray for; and

¹ Müllenhoff and Scherer, *Denkmäler*, i. p. 202.

finally for avoiding the diversity of primer books that are now abroad, whereof are almost innumerable sorts, which minister occasion of contentions and vain disputations rather than to edify; and to have one order of all such books throughout all our dominions both to be taught unto children and also to be used for ordinary prayers of all our people not learned in the Latin tongue, have set forth this Primer, or book of prayers, in English to be frequented and used in and throughout all places of our said realms and dominions as well of the elder people as also of the youth for their common and ordinary prayers; willing, commanding and straightly charging that for the better bringing up of youth in the knowledge of their duty towards God, their Prince and all other in their degree, every schoolmaster and bringer up of young beginners in learning, next after their A.B.C. now by us also set forth, do teach this Primer or book of ordinary prayers unto them in English.¹

The Injunction then proceeds to state that when pupils have learned sufficient Latin they may be permitted to use the Latin Primer, also prepared by the King, and "in all points correspondent to this in English." Finally, his Majesty strictly commands that, from the date of the issue of his own new Primer, no one should buy, sell, use or teach "privily or apertly any other primer than this now by us published." The injunction is dated May 6, 1545.

It was not, however, in this Primer of 1545 that the new authoritative version of the Our Father and Creed was first introduced; we find both in the same form printed in *The Manuall of Prayers or the Prymer in Englyshe* (1539), which seems to have been prepared by Bishop Hilsey at the instance of Cromwell, the King's vicegerent in ecclesiastical affairs. The same text is also to be met with in other books, and notably in a Primer printed in 1541, in which last the following prefatory declaration precedes:

The King's Commandment.

The King's Highness greatly tendering the weal of his realm hath suffered heretofore the Pater noster, Ave, Creed and the X Commandments of God to be had in the English tongue. But His Grace perceiving now the great diversity of the translations, hath willed them all to be taken up and in stead of them hath caused an uniform translation of the said *Pater noster, Ave, Creed* and *X Commandments* to be set forth, as hereafter followeth, willing all his loving subjects to learn and use the same. And he straightly commandeth every parson vicar and curate to read and teach the same to their parishioners and that no man imprint

¹ See Hoskins, *Horae*, p. 238.

or set forth any other translation upon pain of His Highness' displeasure.

The text of this official version is then given, and in copying it here, we may as well retain the spelling of the edition of 1541, from which I take it:

Our father whiche arte in heven, halowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy wil be done in earth as it is in heven. Gyve us this day our dayly bread and forgyve us our trespasses as we forgyve them that trespass against us. And let us not be led into temptacyon. But delyver us from evyll. Amen.

During the rest of Henry VIII.'s reign this was really accepted as an authoritative and official text, and we find it printed in all Primers and A.B.C. books. It does not, however, appear to be much older than Hilsey's Primer (1539), although the idea of an English rendering of the *Pater noster* which was to be taught to the people in every parish church, and which was presumably on that account to be official and uniform, dated back to 1536. In certain Injunctions issued in the name of the King, and in another set emanating directly from Cromwell, the clergy in 1536 were directed to teach the Lord's prayer to the people in English. Moreover, it was enjoined that "the said curates shall in their sermons deliberately and plainly recite often the said Pater noster, one clause or article one day and another another day till the whole be taught and learned by little."¹ Cromwell also directed that when the people came to make their Lenten Confession the parish priest should examine them as to their knowledge of the Lord's prayer and should declare them unfit to receive Holy Communion at Easter in case they knew it but imperfectly. If any definite English version was contemplated in these enactments it was probably that which appeared the year after in the volume entitled *The Institution of a Christian Man*, but best known as "The Bishops' Book." This had a quasi-official character and it consequently seems worth while to set it down at length for the sake of comparison with that just quoted. It runs:

Our Father that art in heaven, Thy name be hallowed. Thy kingdom come unto us. Thy will be done and fulfilled in erthe as it is in heven. Gyve us this daye our dayly brede. And forgyve us our trespasses as we forgyve them that trespassed

¹ Wilkins, *Concilia*, iii. pp. 814, and 815.

agaynst us. And lede us not into temptation, but delyver us from the evyll. Amen.¹

As for the version which replaced this last, a glance suffices to show that it is identical with the form used in the Book of Common Prayer and by ourselves, with the single exception of the clause, "let us not be led into temptation." This curious form is peculiar to the Henrician text, and, as may be learnt from the mediæval versions printed above, the older translations for the most part render the words *et ne nos inducas in temptationem* just as we do at present. When the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. appeared in 1549, the "let us not be led" was changed back to the simpler "lead us not," and in this form the Lord's Prayer has been said by Anglicans ever since, except only for the addition of the doxology in the reign of Charles II.

When the Catholics came back to power under Queen Mary, the Latin liturgy was of course restored for ecclesiastics, but no serious attempt seems to have been made to induce the laity to say the Lord's Prayer or the Creed in Latin as before. On the contrary, we may note that while before the breach with Rome no Primer was printed in this country in English, numerous editions of this kind in Latin and English were produced under Queen Mary. In many of these no alteration was made as regards the Our Father, for the text had no doubt become thoroughly familiar to the majority of Englishmen during the reign of Edward VI. There are however exceptions, as in *The Prymer in English and Latin after the use of Salisbury*, printed by J. Wayland in 1558, where a rather fantastic English rendering of the *Pater* is given, but for the most part the English Our Father, as for example in the Primer printed by R. Caly in 1556, remained undisturbed. Neither can we doubt the wisdom of such a policy, for the translation in itself was open to no objection, and after it had been recited constantly during service in every parish church for five or six years, any attempt to substitute another version would probably have caused confusion, and in many cases would have led to murmuring and resistance. A curious illustration of the position of affairs in Queen Mary's days may be found in a satirical dialogue printed during her reign. Here are one or two brief extracts:

Oliver. Canst thou say thy Creed in English?

Nicholas. Meanest thou the new Creed or the old Creed?

¹ *The Institution of a Christian Man*, 1537, fol. 79 v°.

O. There is but one Creed.

N. I can say that my mother taught me, *Credum Deum*. I was harping at the new a good while, but now I care not for it.

O. Canst thou say the Lord's prayer?

N. Nay, nor our Lady's neither. I can say my *pater noster*.

O. What is *pater noster*?

N. Marry, *pater noster*; What can ye make of it?

O. But what ask ye of God when ye say *Dimitte nobis debita nostra*?

N. Marry, I pray to God to have mercy upon all Christian souls.

O. That is well done, but why have ye not learned the Lord's prayer in English all this while?

N. Sir John bade me keep me to my old *Pater noster* for he said that the new would not abide away.¹

Even when Mary died, and when with the accession of Elizabeth the hope of conciliating the mass of the English people was practically abandoned, the Catholics who survived and remained loyal to the Holy See made no serious attempt to introduce a separate translation of the Lord's Prayer. There were no doubt many Catholic books of devotion which presented divergent and eccentric renderings, but most of our compilers seemed ready enough, like Laurence Vaux in his *Catechism* (1568), to accept the now familiar version just as it stood. And so in this booklet, as in many others of Elizabethan and still later times, the Catholic *Our Father* shows no divergence of any kind from that of the Protestants. Even the "which art" and the "in earth," the retention of which by Anglicans now discriminates the two, were formerly met with in most Catholic books. These peculiarities were not entirely given up by us until late in the next century, when no doubt they must have been considered archaic affectations and eliminated accordingly.

Lastly, it may be said that although the version of the Lord's prayer which we now employ seems undoubtedly to have come to us from Cromwell and Henry VIII., still the text published by these worthies itself followed very closely the translations made and used in Catholic times. There does not in fact seem to be any clause in the prayer as we know it, of which the exact counterpart cannot be found in some one or other of the pre-Reformation versions.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *A Dialogue or familiar talk between Neighbours*, Rouer, 1554. The priest of course is meant by "Sir John."

Miss Anastasia.

MISS ANASTASIA and Miss Mary were dressmakers. They had been dressmakers as long as the young women of Glas-kenny could remember.

Early and late the two Miss Gilligans stitched and fitted and pinned and cut. The whirr of the machine scarcely ceased from dawn till midnight in the little house at the corner.

The Miss Gilligans were respectable. Who could doubt it who saw their clean curtains, their artificial plant in the window, their case of wax fruit in the parlour? The parlour was the fitting room. Its windows were never opened, so it retained an antique smell that mingled with the newer scents of lining and serge and print.

Miss Mary made skirts and Miss Anastasia bodices. They worked so hard and so long that they had grown thin and rather red-eyed, but they held their own against everything. When the new drapers' shop came with its readymade costumes the Miss Gilligans felt as though a death knell had sounded, but they worked a little harder and reduced their prices by a fraction.

They could by this persistent toil hold their own, but there was no margin. There was not time nor money to be ill or to take a holiday. Their only indulgence was to put by a little towards the inevitable day when they must lay down their needles and be dressed by others for that final journey that is taken by queens and dressmakers alike. "To live respectable and be buried respectable" was the sum of the Miss Gilligans' ambition. But one more desire remained to Miss Anastasia, Miss 'Stasia as she was generally called. This was not a romantic desire, perhaps, but it was the dream of her life. It was, in fact, a set of teeth.

Now the dentist who had extracted—without gas in the interest of economy—Miss 'Stasia's own teeth had declared that a suitable and trustworthy set would cost five pounds. Nothing under this price would be reliable.

The matter was a subject of daily consideration to the two women, but at last Miss 'Stasia had scraped by little and little her five pounds. She did not forget, perhaps, that she had been the beauty of her family. Her dark eyes were too big now and their rims were often red, but in her day she had seen heads turned to look after her. Like all beauties, she had felt the waning of her looks sorely. Without her teeth she was an old woman, but with a fine new set she would be able to hold her head erect, to talk and smile without that self consciousness that made her turn her head aside when she spoke. She had determined that on the very next evening that she could be spared she would pay down her money and put the matter in hand.

Just at this time, however, a mourning order had kept the dressmaker busy all day and half the night.

On this autumn evening they were stitching busily so that Miss Mary might take up the box to their customers.

Miss Mary spoke without looking up.

"Lizzie Kilfoyle will be likely round this evening about her dress, and not a stitch more in it! She'll have the life of us. The likes of Lizzie now to be married in white serge. Cock her up! and her Granny married in a wincey gown."

'Stasia lifted her large mournful eyes for a moment.

"Isn't she young yet, God help her? Why wouldn't she look her best?"

"What value is there in white stuff she'll be mucking up in a minyit. You'd think she was the king's own daughter the way she goes on about the set an' the cut an' her panels and her pleats."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Anastasia finished her work and bit off her thread.

"That's done," she said.

Again the insistent knock.

"It's Lizzie, go let her in," said Mary.

A minute after Lizzie walked into the workroom. She was a showily dressed young woman of a class inferior to that of the Miss Gilligans. She wore cheap rings and bangles, was profusely scented and practised a style in hair dressing that was flamboyant.

"Good evening, Miss Mary," she said cheerfully, "that's the lovely night."

"It's soft, I'm thinking. I wonder will I get up to Mrs. O'Neill's with the mourning gown."

" 'Twixt hoppin' an' trottin' maybe you will, Miss Mary. But you've a right to finish my wedding gown."

" It's not so easy waitin' to be buried as it is to be married," said Miss Mary grimly.

" Is it wait? Me that's called an' all an' Jimmy with the ring bought, an' he pawning his Sunday suit the way he'd pay the last half-crown."

Lizzie laughed boisterously while Miss 'Stasia walked round her with pins and yard measure. Presently she stood clothed in white serge, a stiff figure trying to see herself in a cracked little glass. " Now that's lovely; you'll be a picture, Lizzie Kilfoyle," said Anastasia.

" Ah! don't be talking, Miss 'Stasia," Lizzie exclaimed in shy pleasure.

" You will so. Raise your arms now and try can you breathe."

" I feel quare and tight. I hope I'll not be bursting an' I standing before the priest."

" I can give you a quarter of an inch more—there!"

" The skirt's a bit wide, Miss 'Stasia. They're all narrow now. They say the ladies of London do hop with their two feet together, they're that tight."

Mary rose and began folding the mourning clothes to put them into a box.

" Kilt we are making that lot," she said as she put on her bonnet.

" Why do you do it at all?" asked Lizzie cheerfully.

" Because we're not people to be begging our bread, my girl, or being beholden' to anyone. Dacintly we were born and rared an' dacintly, please God, we'll die and be buried if it's no eyes we have left and our ten fingers worked to the bone."

" Well! I'd rather be married than that," said Lizzie, trying to see her round and rosy face in the glass. Mary turned and looked at the girl, a grim smile on her face.

" (Would you so?" she asked, " with a baby coming home each year an' you not knowing how to put food in its mouth or clothes on its back, an' the young ones with their legs getting crooked because you can't mind them. That's a fine life for a young girl! And herself standing at the wash tub early and late, sick or sorry, and getting that bad that she must needs go to the hospital for the great doctors to be operating on her."

"God help us!" cried 'Stasia, "will you whisht, Mary, and not be scaring the wits out of the girl?"

Mary took her parcel and went out, bidding Lizzie good-night.

Lizzie sighed heavily and there was a crack when a pin had flown.

"Miss Mary has a quick tongue," she said, "you'd know she'd never had a companion of her own, she's that crotchety. I'm thinking you were the best looking, Miss 'Stasia. I wonder now you never got married."

"What's putting that into your head. Try this waistband now."

"You'll have me cut in two halves, Miss 'Stasia. But I'm wondering now you never had a comrade, my mother said there was a young lad used to be after you, what's this his name was?"

"Whisht! Lizzie, hold up your arm and don't talk."

"And in the heel o' the hunt he married another—that's what she said. He was not good enough, maybe?"

"In my young days it was the parents made the matches," said Miss 'Stasia severely, "and wasn't it better so? Where'd I be with a man spending his money at the public house and having me bet at home. That's no life for a decent woman."

"They're bad when they've drink taken," Lizzie admitted philosophically, "but there's some would only drink too much at a wedding. My Jimmy's one o' that lot, and when the missioners do be preaching about Hell fire down in the chapel he gets off the drink altogether for two months or three."

"But Mary's right that a big family hacks a woman out terrible quick," said Anastasia.

"Maybe so," Lizzie answered, "but you wouldn't mind with the childher playing about you. There's great diversion in them and when they grow they'll keep you out of the Work-house itself."

"Or have you ruined—one or the other."

"Well, if it's God will, Miss 'Stasia, it's got to be. An' I'd rather that than living alone all my mortal days. It must be lonesome here with no man in it to be telling you the news and smoking his pipe, or taking you to the Pictures or some place on a Bank Holiday."

Miss Anastasia made a sound of protest as she detached the white garment from Lizzie's person.

"Now," she said, "I've done with you."

"Tell me about that lad, Miss 'Stasia, is he old now?"

"God be good to us! What's come to the 'girl," said Anastasia sharply. "I never give him a thought. Will you quit talking of what's dead and gone these thirty years."

Lizzie laughed.

"You won't go back on me about the dress, Miss 'Stasia. Saturday night now."

"Maybe . . . and I sitting up all night to do it," she mumbled.

Lizzie smiled broadly while Anastasia considered her. "Them's lovely new teeth you have in your mouth," she remarked candidly.

"They are so. A power of money they were—four pounds."

"H'm, but they're a bit brittle-looking. For five pounds you'd get better value. You'd tell *them* at a glance."

Lizzie looked a little crest-fallen.

"You'll be gettin' yours, I suppose," she said; "it's wonderful the difference they do make."

She bade the dressmaker farewell and went out into the darkness, where a young man, who had evidently been languishing against a neighbouring wall, met her and went off with her. Anastasia heard their laughter and sighed.

She went back into the little quiet dull house. When she had made a cup of tea, she sat down at the sewing machine. It was some time before she heard a faint tapping at the door. With a murmur of vexation she rose and opened it.

A young girl stood before her, a girl almost speechless with timidity. Anastasia spoke sharply.

"Who is it at all?" she asked.

"It's Delia McKenna," came the answer.

"I don't rightly know you. What McKenna is it, an' where are you from?"

"I'm Joe McKenna's daughter from Murphystown."

Anastasia hardened for a moment.

"What is it you want with me?"

"It's a message from my father. He bid me ask for Miss 'Stasia."

There was a moment of silence. The elderly dress-maker stood there rigidly while she considered. The wind was cold and the girl coughed.

"Come in anyway," said Anastasia, "it's strange you coming this night, for your father was in my mind."

She led the way into the work-room, and bid the girl sit down. Then she looked at her keenly. Delia McKenna sat on the edge of her chair; her big hazel eyes were anxious.

Miss 'Stasia had once looked into eyes exactly like them. She believed that she had forgotten those foolish days. She believed too that as a thoroughly respectable woman she had also forgotten Joe McKenna, who had been married for long, and who was now a widower of a year's standing. As a matter of fact the real Joe of the present, with his straggling grey beard, his untidy clothes and his taste for drink, left Anastasia coldly indifferent. She could echo her parents' verdict that he was not good enough for her and never would be. But the old romance she still cherished. At the bottom of her heart she loved the image of a young man with hazel eyes and long black lashes: a gallant, improvident, romantic young man who once had talked fine talk to her in moments snatched as best he could when her parents were not watching.

"I'd know you for your father's daughter," she said abruptly; "you'd best have some tea."

Delia coughed again and said "thank you" shyly.

"So you've lost your mother?"

"We have, Miss 'Stasia, she died on us a year ago."

"Does your father mind himself these times?"

Delia nodded.

"Most times, Miss 'Stasia, it's the company he does keep that puts it in his mind."

Anastasia looked the girl straight in the eyes.

"And what does your father want with me?" she asked.

Delia's face was crimson.

"It's this way, Miss 'Stasia, it's about me brother 'Joe. He's been idle this long time, bein' in the building and no work doing. And now he's had a letter from Paddy Doyle that went to America last year, saying he'd find him work with him sure and certain if he'd come out. But how would he go widout the money, Miss 'Stasia, an' we finding it hard to live these times at all. And wouldn't it be the making of him going out there? There's a girl he's walking with, Biddy Quinn, that's going out in the Spring. He'd give the whole world an' all to go out too, Miss 'Stasia, if there was but someone who'd lend us the money for a short while."

Anastasia smiled bitterly.

"So your father thought of me, did he?"

"He said you had the kind, good, Christianable heart, Miss 'Stasia, from when you were a girl."

"An' what money is he after wanting?"

"We'd raise something here and there, we'd maybe get five pound if there was but one that could lend us another five."

"There's a lot of saving in five pound, my girl, tell your father that. It's your eyesight and your health and your sleep that goes to the saving of five pound. It's bread and tea and everything you want goes into five pound. Oh! there's a power of life goes before you'll get that saved."

Delia nodded. She was certain of failure.

"But he'd pay it back," she said.

"He might an' he mightn't. Once you part with money it's long before you meet it again."

Delia rose.

"Thank you for the tea, Miss 'Stasia. I'll be going now."

She stood there in the lamplight, her pale face illumined. Anastasia wondered how she would have felt had the 'girl been her own daughter. She would have thought her pretty and been anxious about her cough.

Then Delia remembered something. She fumbled in her pocket and produced a little worn faded photograph.

"My father bade me show you that, Miss 'Stasia, he's had it this long whiles."

Anastasia picked up the photograph. She held it near the lamp and saw a curious little picture of a girl with smooth hair and a very full skirt, leaning on a pillar. It was herself. She turned it over. On the back was written "Anastasia" in faded ink.

Delia prepared to go. Miss 'Stasia opened the door for her and let her out, but all the time her mind was back in the days when the photograph had been smuggled into Joe McKenna's keeping and he, for the first and—as it proved—the last time, had kissed her. It was the one romantic kiss of her life, and it cost her five pounds.

"Come back," she said quickly; "come in out o' that again."

Delia followed her back meekly to the workroom.

"Wait," said 'Stasia breathlessly.

She climbed on to a chair and took a small teapot from a bracket. This she placed on the table.

"It was for my teeth," she explained vaguely. "God knows when I'll get them now while that young lad is strava-ging over the seas. Look at here now, four golden sovereigns and two golden half-sovereigns. Take it quick before God sends me sense to take it back from you."

Delia, clutching the gold in a screw of newspaper, found herself pushed into the darkness, and she heard the door slam behind her. Then she took to her heels and ran.

Anastasia went back to the workroom. She sat down feebly before the dim fire. "Without a tooth in my head for the sake of that lad!" she murmured.

Then she wiped her eyes and went back to the sewing machine.

W. M. LETTS.

"HIC URE, HIC SECA."

(*St. Augustine.*)

Would I were wax touched by the sun
Or metal molten in the fire,
Into Thy perfect mould to run
And take the shape Thou dost desire!

But being formless, hard and crude,
Thy chisel I must long endure
In blows that chip the matter rude,
And slowly shape the likeness pure.

Nay, were I as th' insentient block
As unresisting to Thy hand,
Glad that no false or careless knock
Would mar the beauty Wisdom planned!

But, Lord, my cross-grained nature's twist
Is slow to soften, hard to shape;
Let me no more Thy tool resist,
Nor from Thy crucibles escape.

MOTHER ST. JEROME.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Canterbury and Zanzibar.

WE have had our say on the Kikuyu case, but it is impossible not to feel interest in the further developments of the movement. Since our February number appeared two important steps have been taken by those primarily concerned. The Archbishop of Canterbury in *The Times* of February 10th, made a formal statement in which he set aside the idea of prosecuting the two accused Bishops for heresy and schism, on the ground that "the facts before [him] afford no case for such proceedings," but recognized that a case had been made out for an official inquiry, as to whether the scheme of federation which the Kikuyu Conference propounded could be accepted by a Church desirous of remaining in communion with the Anglican Church. Such an inquiry he expressed his intention of instituting, but not, as he had been asked to do, by bringing the case judicially before a court constituted by himself with his comprovincial bishops sitting as his assessors. Though he does not expressly say so, we may presume he felt that this might easily compromise both himself and his comprovincial bishops with the civil authorities, who would be likely to bring up against them the Erastian relation in which they stand to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. Accordingly, whilst protesting that he had no desire to evade his own official responsibility, the Archbishop declared that he would himself pronounce on the case, but only after first eliciting the mind of the Anglican Church by a reference to the Central Consultative Committee of the Anglican Communion as appointed by the Lambeth Conferences. This Committee consists of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sits *ex officio*, and some twelve bishops, elected to be their representatives by the totality of the Anglican bishops at home and in the Colonies. Those in communion with them in the United States have also the right to be represented on the Committee, but they have never used it, "their exceptional position precluding any approach to a foreign court." This

Consultative Committee meets regularly at Lambeth "in the week after the second Sunday of July" that "resort may be had [to it] if desired by the National Churches, Provinces, and extra-Provincial Dioceses of the Anglican Communion, either for information or advice."

Such being the nature of this Central Consultative Committee, it is quite intelligible that Archbishop Davidson should wish to invoke its aid in the present emergency. Indeed this may well seem to be just the sort of perplexity it was instituted to solve. Still the public is probably right in concluding that, in choosing this mode of meeting the Bishop of Zanzibar's appeal, the Archbishop has chiefly shown his shrewdness in evading an awkward situation. He feels that he can safely ascend his "judgment throne," as Bishop Weston calls it, to make an utterance which can have no coercive force whatever, which can take no more stringent form than that of recommendation, and which will have the doctrinal support of a Consultative Committee extremely unlikely to recommend the uncompromising action Bishop Weston demands.

The Archbishop's statement in *The Times* for February 10th was quickly followed by Bishop Weston's statement in *The Times* for February 16th. We may admire this prelate's courage in pressing for a decision, which, if he succeeds in getting it, is sure to be against him. But we must admire also his determination not to be put off with evasions but to see that a straight issue is met by a straight judgment. Still, is it so clear that in seeking a judgment from the authorities of his Church he is animated by that spirit of submission to authority which is of the very essence of Catholicism? "The Bishop of Uganda," he tells us, "has promised to follow whatever direction your Grace may give him," but he adds, "it is equally true that I informed your Grace at the outset that for myself I could accept no decision coming from the Archbishop of Canterbury alone"; and he gives as his reason that the Archbishop has already prejudged the question that has been referred to him by "granting to the Nonconformist bodies of Christians the title of 'branches of the Church of Christ.'" In other words, the Bishop of Uganda is prepared to follow the Archbishop's direction because he foresees that it will, if given, be in ratification of the course on which he is himself determined; and the Bishop of Zanzibar is equally prepared to resist the Archbishop's direction

because he foresees that it will go against him. It is true (or is it true?) that he professes his readiness to go by the direction of the Archbishop if sitting with his comprovincials. But he must know that, in the existing relation of the Anglican Church to the English State, such a court is an impossibility. The only conceivable way, surely, in which such a case could be brought into court and judicially decided for the Anglican Church, as the ecclesiastical lawyers would tell him, and probably Archbishop Davidson too, would be for him to bring it before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

That, of course, would in his eyes be intolerable, and we can sympathize with his feeling. But why does he fail to see that what he complains of in the prelates of his Church at home is no mere accident of its life, but the direct and inevitable consequence of its separation from the Holy See, and consequent inability to speak with a voice that can inspire confidence?

S. F. S.

The Ontario "Separate School" System.

A Canadian writer having referred to the Ontario school system, in the course of an article on Thomas D'Arcy McGee,¹ as "satisfactory," I may perhaps be permitted, with all due respect to so competent an authority, to present, as briefly and as simply as possible, another and a very much less favourable view of the present condition of Catholic elementary education in the self-styled "English Protestant" Province.

That system must, for purposes of comparison, be set, so to speak, side by side with the system devised, at the same time, under the same conditions and safeguards, in favour of the English "Protestant" minority in the French Catholic Province of Quebec. The Protestant majority in Upper Canada (Ontario) being, that is to say, determined to obtain for their co-religionists in Lower Canada (Quebec) the fullest possible measure of liberty in respect of religion, education and of language, the three being rightly held as indissolubly connected, consented to grant, first, under the terms of Confederation,² and secondly, under what may be called the "Scott Education Act," a nominally parallel position to the Catholic minority in Ontario. I have, however,

¹ THE MONTH, February, 1914.

² The British North America Act, 1867.

no hesitation in saying that, had it not been for the presence of a Protestant English minority in Quebec, the Catholic minority in Ontario would not only not have obtained even the "favours" professedly granted (and now openly regretted by a section of the majority), but would, in all probability, have failed to obtain any terms of what nature soever.

I say "a nominally parallel position," moreover, advisedly. For whereas, as I have elsewhere pointed out,¹ the minority school system of either Province, rests ultimately on the terms of the British North America Act of 1867, the original compact, as it may be called, it was left to the Provincial Government, in each case, to amplify or to minimize, to render effectual or practically to nullify, the rights, privileges and advantages enjoyed by the respective minorities, "by law or custom," prior to Confederation. It is, therefore, only by means of a close and careful comparison of the two systems built up by French Catholic provincial legislation on the one hand, and by "English-Protestant" provincial legislation, that we can estimate the "satisfactoriness" of either. The very terms of the above statement afford, I admit, a clue to the answer which may, perhaps, lie open to the charge of prejudicing the jury. Quite honestly and simply, however, I cannot conceive of any less direct and uncompromising a manner of stating the issue—in a Catholic magazine.

But that issue has, it may be argued, been complicated by a minor and purely racial one—the question of the use, or of the non-use of French in Catholic elementary schools, largely, if not exclusively, frequented by children of that race. Granted. Yet, apart from the fact that there has been no suggestion of a like "campaign in the true interests of the children, of the State, and of real educational efficiency" in Quebec; from the fact that by the admission of the Ontario special School Commissioner² "the best results are obtained when the medium of instruction is the mother tongue"; these facts remain. First, that "bilingualism" has been, and is being made responsible for the "inefficiency of the separate schools," and therefore a weapon against the system as a whole: "First the French schools, and then the Catholic schools." Secondly, that, whereas the Quebec

¹ "Protestant Guarantees in the Province of Quebec," *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1914.

² In a Report published by the Ontario Government.

Government makes no distinction in respect of grants in aid, between its own schools and those of the minority, the Ontario Government pays, in Ottawa, for instance, some six times as much to its own schools as to those of the "minority" (40 per cent. of the population) who, in this case, have a considerably larger number of pupils in their schools.¹ Thirdly, that the Ottawa Separate Schools Trustees, having pointed out, most respectfully, their financial inability (among other reasons) to comply with the regulation making English the sole medium of instruction in all schools in receipt of a Government grant (French and English alike) have not only been deprived of the Government grant, but are threatened with the withdrawal of their teachers' certificates, without which no grant can be earned. Lastly, that whereas the great weakness of the Catholic, and especially of the Catholic school, position in Ontario has hitherto been a most regrettable want of unity between "Irish" and "French" in respect of this very language question,² prominent "Irishmen," lay and cleric, are in the present crisis, standing loyally by their "French" fellow-Catholics in a battle which, notwithstanding all attempts to obscure the issue is, primarily, simply, and essentially, being waged against racial prejudice and Orange bigotry on behalf of the faith, the welfare, and the lawful freedom of the Catholic children of Ontario. Nor, it may be added, is this support confined to a few "Irishmen," closely connected with the present contest. The *Antigonish Casket*, edited by a New Brunswick Irishman, and the *North West Review*, a Manitoban "Irish" paper, have entered the lists in favour of justice and fair dealing, on behalf of those whom they rightly recognize as the main strength of the Catholic Church in Canada, a course which, in view of Irish hopes and aspirations in respect of their own language, can only be described as being as logical and proper, as it is honourable, edifying, and full of the promise of better things.

But a separate school system which places the speech, the traditions, and therefore the religious education, the constitutional rights, liberties, and even the customary privileges of any British-born Catholic subjects at the mercy of a bigoted and hostile majority (as it does) can hardly, by any optimistic stretch of language, be called "satisfactory."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

¹ 2,000, in round numbers, with a total grant of £1,000, or 10s. per scholar per annum!

² See my article, "Race and Religion in Canada," *THE MONTH*, March, 1909.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**The
Westminster
Version.**

AN impression seems to have got abroad in certain quarters that the new Catholic translation of the Scriptures has been abandoned because of adverse criticism and want of support. We are glad to assure our readers that nothing could be farther from the truth. The work has already met with quite adequate support, and it is reasonable to suppose that the later, more considerable instalments will excite even more interest. And as for adverse criticism, while there has been much helpful suggestion, only three out of a large number of reviews could be called hostile in tone, and two of these, if not the whole three, were written by the same person. The translation of the *First Epistle to the Corinthians* is at present going rapidly through the press. Considering its length and importance, its appearance has not been unduly delayed and, meanwhile, other sections of St. Paul's Epistles are ready for the careful scrutiny of the official censors, who under this aspect may be considered collaborators in the work.

**Military
Obedience.**

The real or alleged determination of a certain section of the population of N.E. Ulster, to resist by armed force the operation of the Home Rule Bill, should it pass into law, has raised again the old question of the limits and quality of a soldier's obedience. The danger of loosening the bonds of discipline in the army, on which its efficiency altogether depends, has led most newspaper moralists to reject the "thinking bayonet" theory and to declare about soldiers "their's not to reason why" even on points of morality, but blindly to carry out orders. This, of course, is contrary to Catholic teaching. A certain number allow the option of resignation, an option practically closed to the rank and file, and in no case palatable to a soldier under orders for active service. The more heroic course of downright refusal to obey was adopted by a gallant French colonel, commanded to employ his troops in the expulsion of the nuns from a convent school in July, 1902. On that occasion, however, several of the more responsible English papers adopted the common teaching of the Church that conscience, as the final subjective rule of rectitude, must be obeyed rather than any external authority. But many advocated that "blind obedience" which they are so ready to misunderstand and condemn when practised under due reservations by religious communities. The truth is, of course, that no soldier should obey if he is morally certain, as was that French officer, that what is commanded is sinful. But in the case of a resort to arms between nations, or factions in a nation, it is often practically impossible for the ordinary man to ascertain on which side the balance of

justice lies: he has no certain knowledge of all the facts that should influence the formation of a correct judgment. Consequently, the soldier is warranted in such cases in leaving the responsibility of the decision to those who have the requisite means of judging. He may presume that his superiors are in the right, in the absence of sufficient evidence that they are in the wrong.

**The
Zabern
Incident.**

That, we presume, is the sense in which the declaration contained in Article 64 of the German Constitution—"All German troops are obliged unconditionally to obey the Emperor"—is to be understood. The Emperor, doubtless, does not set himself above the moral law. Yet in practice it has resulted, as the Zabern incident shows, in the military class regarding themselves as above the common law and subject to a code which puts so-called "honour" before justice. The recent demonstration of the prevalence of such ideals in Germany, which has resulted in the immunity of the officers concerned in the lawless doings at Zabern, shows the abuses to which militarism is exposed and how easily the soldier, who is the honoured servant and defender of the State, becomes an insolent tyrant and oppressor if he looks upon his profession as an end in itself and not as a mere means, in the present condition of the world, of securing peace.

**Kikuyu
Problems
Solved.**

In the matter of Kikuyu the expected has happened. The Archbishop of Canterbury has risen to the occasion with an exhibition of that genius for shelving and ignoring inconvenient issues which men in his position have raised to a fine art. He will not accede to the demand of "Zanzibar" that "Mombasa" and "Uganda" should be arraigned for heresy: they may have performed heretical acts, but these were merely of a tentative and non-committal character. The questions suggested by their conduct he will pronounce upon later, when he has had a chance of consulting a representative council of Anglican bishops drawn from different parts of the Empire, which meets next July. But he will take the full responsibility of the decision which he is then moved to pronounce. Meanwhile, as Bishop Weston points out, he ignores the main charge of the celebrated Open Letter, viz., the presence of tolerated heresy amongst high officials in the Anglican Church at home. To make up for that omission he sets forth the other two questions at great length.

Now, what strikes the Catholic is that these concern fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church. The solution not only of the first, concerning the federation for missionary purposes of Anglican with non-Anglican bodies, but also of the second, touching the admission of non-Anglicans to the Sacrament of Communion, depends upon whether Christ really in-

stituted a single Church with a hierarchical organization and a sacramental system. Did Christ found more than one Church, and did He give sacerdotal power to Christian ministers? These, stripped of mere verbiage, are the questions which, some nineteen centuries after the event, the prelate who claims to represent Christ in England is going to debate with other prelates of the British dominions, because he cannot answer them off-hand. And, pending his decision on these elementary points, Bishop Weston and other hungry sheep look up and are not fed. Reasons will be found elsewhere in this issue for the likelihood of their remaining so.

**By
What
Authority?**

For, even when the Archbishop has answered will they be in any better case? No one knows better than Dr. Davidson and his assessors that they can give no authoritative decision. In the whole of this controversy no member of the Anglican Church has attempted to go behind its formularies to the authority which is supposed to give them force. They are content to appeal to the dead Prayer-Book or the dicta of bye-gone Convocations or the writings of Caroline divines. But who can authoritatively and finally interpret these sources or why, if so interpreted, they should be obeyed, no one pauses to inquire. None of these alleged successors of the Apostles dares to repeat the apostolic claim—"It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." Nay, an accredited theologian of that Church, the Rev. A. C. Headlam, D.D., who is Professor of Dogmatic Theology in King's College, London, expressly disclaims any official power in Anglicanism to say what it stands for. To that purport is his declaration in the *Church Quarterly Review*,¹ if we clearly understand a somewhat self-contradictory sentence. Discussing the Bishop of Zanzibar's query,—for what does the *Ecclesia Anglicana* stand?—he writes (*italics ours*):—

Our own belief is that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* has *very clearly and definitely* found her mind and her voice, and that it [*sc.* the mind and the voice] means the assertion of those things which are *fundamentally Catholic* against those interpretations which have prevailed at different times and different places [nothing, we fear, very clear and definite so far, but wait]—the Bible and the Creeds *without an official interpretation*, but studied in the light of all Church history, the due celebration of the two great Sacraments, the acceptance of the Church's rule as to Orders.

Here, of course, we are back again to Private Judgment. We are bidden to interpret the "Bible and the Creeds" for ourselves under the luminous guidance of "all Church History," and thus to arrive at the very clear and definite mind and voice

¹ January, p. 222.

of the Ecclesia Anglicana! Were it not for Dr. Headlam's known zeal and learning one might think he was laughing at his readers. But to these verbal shifts are men reduced who reject the one Church which knows and can utter her own mind.

"Si incertam
vocem det
tuba."

"The *due* celebration of the two great Sacraments," Dr. Headlam tells us, is one of "those things which are fundamentally Catholic"; but he does not tell us what he means by "due." The Anglican Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Knox, is not so reticent. He, too, thinks the voice of the Ecclesia Anglicana has been found, very clear and definite, and he has reproduced his version of it in his recent volume—*Sacrifice or Sacrament? Which is the Teaching of the Anglican Communion Service?* The Ornaments Rubric, he holds, has been misconstrued in the interests of legalism and ceremonialism. "Vestments mean the Mass, and the Mass means the whole system of Roman theology." Faithful shepherd as he is, he warns the Church against adopting "the sacrificial teaching of which our Prayer-book has been purged." This trumpet certainly gives a certain sound, but, unfortunately, it is not the same sound as other Anglican trumpets emit. Which of all these ambiguous notes is the right one? When heretics arise in the Catholic Church, after a first and a second admonition they are "avoided." Has Anglicanism ever displayed that essential function of a living organism, the rejection of substances which are innutritious and harmful?

Maeterlinck
and
the Index.

The announcement that all M. Maeterlinck's books have been put on the Index has caused a certain amount of wonder, as some of his productions are harmless enough and, un-Christian as are others, there are many worse writers alive of whom the Holy Office takes no cognizance. From the study of reviews in the secular press many of us could compile an index of volumes which, on grounds of mere natural decency, should not be read, yet the Roman authorities have not troubled to condemn them. There are two misconceptions which underlie this feeling of surprise. The first is that the Index is meant to be exhaustive, whereas only those books and writers that have been formally brought before the notice of the Holy Office are pronounced upon. And the second ignores the fact that, although a bad writer may write a harmless book, the reading of what is harmless may easily lead the unwary to read the harmful.

We do not think that Catholics have much to regret in the banning of M. Maeterlinck. He is not a thinker, but rather a literary virtuoso, and his word-spinning and preciosity convey no spiritual message of value. Christians have nothing to learn from those who are utterly blind to the meaning of Christianity.

**Corrupt
Practices
in Politics.**

The outcry raised against a Scottish M.P. by his political opponents for hinting that, in the event of the Liberal being returned, certain valuable public works would be prosecuted in his constituency which might possibly be discontinued if the Conservative got in, is an agreeable tribute to the strict notions regarding bribery at elections which still prevail in British politics. Nothing was said or done which could bring the candidate within reach of the Corrupt Practices Act, although the provisions of that Act are very far-reaching, yet there is a distinct impression on the public conscience that for a member of the party in power to insist on that fact as giving him greater facilities in looking after the material interests of his electors, however natural in the circumstances, tends to degrade political practice. The electors are supposed to have the country's general interests at heart and to be willing to subordinate their own to those. This, we suggest, is a lofty and praiseworthy ideal, however imperfectly realized in imperial politics, and it is applicable in its measure to municipal politics as well, as the Mile End Guardians taught Londoners some years ago. We may congratulate ourselves that it is so, considering that in the so-called democracy of France it is not recognized even as an ideal. An instructive article in the February *Nineteenth Century*—"The Decline of the French Republic"—emphasizes and illustrates the well-known fact that the deputies of the French Parliament are for the most part elected primarily to advance the interests of their supporters, no secret being made of the nature of the transactions between the parties. And as only the Government candidate can hope to obtain favours for his friends, it is clear that in every constituency where there is a contest the Opposition has to face a heavy handicap. The Government buys the deputy's support and the deputy purchases the support of the electors. This is what democracy has come to under the French Republic. Meanwhile, there is a mote in the British eye as well, as the recent motion in Parliament for inquiry into the alleged sale of honours testifies.

**Raising
the
School-Age.**

The faddist is a person who pursues a good object regardless of circumstances which may make it undesirable. He often makes education his fad, and in this most important concern his influence is proportionately mischievous. Mgr. Brown, of Southwark, has done good service in pointing out the evils that would almost certainly result if the aim of certain educational faddists to raise to sixteen the age limit of compulsory education were effected. Theoretically, increased facilities for acquiring training and culture would be beneficial to elementary school-children, assuming the education to be good. Practically, the reform would mean for the families of

the working classes a great diminution of income, which would almost certainly be followed by a great diminution of the birth-rate. Reformers must take account of existing conditions, lest the removal of one evil should create a worse. When a living wage, calculated on the basis of a normal family, is the usual thing, then poor parents may be able to wait a year or two longer for the help of their children. The present industrial arrangements do not allow this. Child-labour is little credit to a Christian community, but child-starvation is less.

**The Loss
of
Our Children.**

At the same time the early withdrawal of working-class children from school, necessitated by our un-Christian economic régime, exposes them to dangers with which they are ill-fitted to cope. We are concerned primarily with children of our own faith, and the danger that threatens them most is precisely the loss of that faith and all its safeguards. Withdrawn from a Catholic atmosphere after their fourteenth year and thrown into close association at work and play with non-Catholics or rather non-believers, what wonder that many are lost to the Church and abandon Christian morality! Father Wright, S.J., of Preston, who has investigated the matter with the aid of all available statistics, reckons that the appalling number of 15,000 young Catholics lose their religion every year. We have no means of checking his figures, but even should they prove somewhat exaggerated, they point to a terrible wastage, which all our efforts should be directed to check. The question has from time to time been discussed in our pages and those of other Catholic journals, and it has, we may be sure, formed the subject of anxious thought for our Bishops and priests. Much has already been done by various organizations—Boys' Clubs, Boys' Brigades, &c.—to cope with the danger, but it has not yet been effectively met. Father Wright proposes a combined national organized effort on permanent and continuous lines. He suggests a Society to Save our Children, spread over the whole country with a branch in every parish. For the details of his scheme, and discussion of ways and means and objections, we may refer to the synopsis published in *The Universe* for February 6th: no doubt it will also be available in pamphlet form. It is well worth the study of every earnest Catholic and a subject which we trust will receive every attention at the National Catholic Congress. The need is not confined to this land: the same difficulties and dangers are met with in the great Catholic community of the States: the same or a like remedy may also be available there.

**Catholicism
in the
United States.**

The religious statistics of the United States, published on February 9th, suggests many serious reflections. Catholics number roughly 13,000,000, by far the largest homogeneous creed; the Christian sects together muster about 24,000,000;

and the Jews (not included in the official statistics) 2,200,000. In all, therefore, institutional religion claims something short of 40,000,000 members. But the population of the States is reckoned at about 95,000,000. Are we to conclude that more than half of these are of no religion? The rationalist statistician will doubtless do so, but he will be wrong. The vast majority of these churchless millions are still under the influence of Christianity, recognize more or less clearly its moral ideals and have only ceased to attend church either because the world is too much with them or because they have never met a Church which teaches with authority and enforces discipline. It has often been prophesied that the future of Christianity in the States is with the Catholic Church, and both reason and experience make the prophecy a safe one. Union, discipline, certainty of belief, sacramental grace and the Spirit of God ever energizing in their midst—these are forces which are vastly superior to those wielded by sectarianism and infidelity. Happily American Catholics are conscious of their providential function as the leaven that has to vivify the non-Catholic mass around them. Already they are the most efficient opponents of Godless education and Socialism, and they are making their power felt in checking the flood of immorality that threatens to submerge literature and the drama. Our contemporary *America* recently published a black-list of offensive plays. An energetic Catholic lady of New York, with the sanction of Cardinal Farley, has started a Catholic Theatre Movement, which binds its supporters to patronize only good plays, a white-list of which is being prepared; other ladies have banded together to discountenance immodest fashions. Once Catholic opinion becomes thoroughly organized, it will rally to its side all the Christian sentiment left in the land, and bring to bear upon the purveyors of filth the only argument to which they are accessible, the likelihood of financial loss.

War and Peace.

Since 1814 unbroken peace has reigned between the two chief branches of the English-speaking nations, the British and the Americans. Naturally there is a wide-spread desire amongst these two peoples to mark the consummation of this long period of harmony by a formal celebration, which, it is hoped, will serve as well to inaugurate another equally prolonged era of peace. Catholics may well feel gratified that the British-American Peace Centenary Committee have quoted as a sort of text for their appeal for funds the stirring words of Cardinal Gibbons' prayer that the clasped hands of Britain and America across the sea may form, as it were, another Noah's bow, and betoken that the danger of fratricidal warfare has for ever passed.

The continued competition in armaments that still plagues the peoples of Europe is a grim commentary on these aspirations. Each great Power has to spend enormous sums on Army and

Navy because otherwise it cannot trust its neighbours to respect its rights. International relations are governed practically by the brigand's code—You may keep what you have got until I am strong or skilful enough to take it from you. It is reckoned that Europe spends £500,000,000 yearly on armaments, besides withdrawing millions of able-bodied men from productive employments. We wish well to the lately founded European Unity League, but we trust that they do not mean to appeal to material motives alone. It is only the principles of the Gospel that can make the nations one. They are paying colossal sums in war expenditure precisely because they do not recognize Christian morality in their mutual dealings. And if the Christian religion becomes less influential the necessity for war-insurance will grow.

King Charles
the
"Martyr."

The most advanced party in the Anglican Church make much of the feast of King Charles the Martyr, whose death occurred on January 30th, 1649. His feast is kept on that day with great devotion, for it serves as an occasion for proclaiming the legality in the English Church of the Invocation of Saints. The Rev. Mr. Knox, author of *More Loose Stones*, claims for him the privileges of a saint "because he lived a life of personal holiness and devotion unexampled among the princes of his age [this, as none of his contemporaries was remarkable for piety, would hardly satisfy the "devil's advocate"], because he died at the hands of the enemies, the avowed enemies, of the Church [but did he die *in odium fidei*?], because his death was sealed by miracles wrought by God's grace, even by the handkerchiefs which had been dipped in his blood." Regarding this last proof, a correspondent in the *Church Times* (February 13th) strongly deprecates its introduction as "dangerously bordering on the idea that the English Church accepts the Roman principle that miracles are a *sine qua non* of sanctity." More accurately stated the Roman principle is that no one can be accorded the public honours of a saint unless Almighty God, to whom alone it belongs to judge infallibly of the spiritual condition of His creatures, testifies to his holiness by working miracles through his means or at his intercession. If the English Church does not accept this "Roman" principle, it must fall back on its favourite principle of private judgment, and its saints will at best be dubious. The correspondent feels that the alleged miracles of King Charles "have neither the support of eminent historians nor the authority of the Church," and so he deprecates the test altogether. But he provides no other: consequently, all that his co-religionists can know for certain is that the eminent man whom Mr. Knox describes as "the only Saint who was not a Roman Catholic" undoubtedly lost his crown; they have no one to certify that he gained a halo instead.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS.

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles, 1) expounding Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) exposing heresy and bigotry, and 3) of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Anthropomorphism in Religion, Necessary but dangerous unless understood [R. H. Tierney, S.J., in *America*, Feb. 7, 1914, p. 415].

Baptism, Development of the Ritual of [as illustrated in the diocese of Salzburg, by Dr. H. Mayer, *Zeitschrift f. Kath. Theologie*, Jan. 1914, pp. 1 sqq.].

Cosmogony, Various theories discussed from Catholic standpoint [Vicente R. d'Adhémar in *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, Jan. 1914, pp. 64 sqq.].

Eucharistic Teaching of Paschasius Radbertus vindicated [Père Jacquin, O.P., in *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*, Jan. 1914].

Mixed Marriages. The obligatory force of the "promises" stated and discussed [Father E. Hull in *Examiner* (Bombay), Jan. 31, 1914, pp. 45 sqq.].

Penitential Discipline Early [Father Conway on the "Edict of Pope Callistus" in *The Catholic World*, Feb. 1914, pp. 641 sqq.].

Unity of the Church [Comment in *Tablet*, Jan. 31, 1914, on the *Church Times* constructively describing this as a "Roman heresy"].

IN DEFENCE OF CATHOLICISM.

Anglicanism, Essentially Erastian character of [trenchant exposition by Canon W. Barry in *The Universe*, Feb. 13, 1914, p. 9]. Its exclusively "national" and constructively "parochial" nature ["The Third Note" by John Ayscough, *The Universe*, Jan. 30, 1914, p. 9].

Anti-Catholicism in Dent's "Everyman's Encyclopædia" [exposed and rebuked in *Catholic Book Notes*, Feb., 1914, pp. 57 sqq.].

Anti-Convent, Libel concerning Camden, New Jersey, circulated by *The Vanguard* [fully refuted in *Catholic Times*, Feb. 20, 1914, p. 8].

"Continuity": Claims of the Irish Protestant Church to, refuted ["Are our Bishops Intruders?" by Rev. T. Gogarty, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb., Mar., 1914].

Convent-Slanders strongly denounced by a Unitarian Minister [Rev. Moritz Weston, quoted in *The Universe*, Feb. 6, 1914, p. 3].

Oaths, Forgery of Bogus Catholic, Protestant condemnation of [quoted in *Catholic Book Notes*, Feb. 1914, pp. 85 sqq.].

Papacy: Mr. Puller on [Brief but telling refutation of "The Primitive Saints and the See of Peter" in *Catholic Book Notes*, Feb. 1914, pp. 51 sqq.].

"Protestant" History [Sir E. Clarke's blunders about "mediæval corruptions" commented on in *The Universe*, Jan. 30, 1914, p. 9].

Protestants in Ulster, How they are formally taught bigotry ["Amongst the Ulster Protestants" in *The Leader*, Jan. 31, 1914, pp. 617 sqq.].

Rationalism: Professor Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" examined and condemned [Dr. J. Vance in *The Month*, March 1914, pp. 225 sqq.].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Birth-rate, The Menace of our Declining [a mischievous article in February *Nineteenth Century* refuted in *The Tablet*, Feb. 14, 1914, pp. 242 sqq.].

Catholicism in Norway, Account of [T. P. Armstrong in *The Month*, March 1914, pp. 241 sqq.].

Converts, Intellectual experiences of [discussed and illustrated in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Feb. 15, pp. 721 sqq.].

Early Man, Review of Scientific knowledge about [Sir B. Windle in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1914, pp. 433 sqq.; Feb. 1914, pp. 652 sqq.].

Education, Protest against fads and fancies in [Miss A. Repplier in *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan. 1914].

Epideixis of St. Irenæus, Suggestive discussion of passages in Armenian translation of [Dr. S. Weber in *Der Katholik*, Jan. 1914, pp. 9-44].

France, New Penal Legislation against Catholic Schools in [*The Tablet*, Feb. 7, 1914, p. 201]. The Catholic Revival in [Dr. Georges Chatterton Hill in *Nineteenth Century*, July 1913]. The Decline of the Republic [the same, in *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1914, pp. 262 sqq.].

"High Churchism" v. "Ritualism": two views contrasted [S. F. Darwin Fox in *The Month*, March 1914, pp. 255 sqq.].

Italy, Catholic Political Activity in [Father Quirico, S.J., in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1914, pp. 664 sqq.].

Loss of our Children to the Faith: After-School Care-Committees recommended [Father J. Wright, S.J., quoted in *The Universe*, Feb. 6, 1914, p. 9].

Lemire Case, The [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1914, pp. 407 sqq.; collection of documents connected with, *Revue du Clergé Français*, Feb. 15, 1914, pp. 478 sqq.].

Mixed Marriages in Germany, Evils of [*Catholic Fortnightly Review*, vol. xix, No. 21, pp. 609 sqq., quoting from Father Krose, S.J.].

Mysticism: Introduction to the Psychological Study of Religious Phenomena [Père de Munnynck, O.P., in *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*, Jan. 1914].

Roman Question, Present State of [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1914, pp. 402 sqq.].

Sects in the United States [E. T. Tomlinson in *World's Work*, Aug. 1913, discussed in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Feb. 15, pp. 750 sqq.].

Seminarists and Military Service, How Church authorities safeguard their vocation [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 15, 1913, pp. 282 sqq.; Feb. 15, 1914, pp. 759 sqq.].

Social Evil: State recognition of condemned [by Mr. Flexner, of the Rockefeller "Bureau of Social Hygiene," quoted in *Catholic Fortnightly Review*, Feb. 1, 1914, pp. 76 sqq.].

Trade Unions, Account of English Catholic [Thos. Burns quoted in *The Tablet*, Jan. 31, 1914, p. 172].

Reviews.

I.—THE FRENCH CLERGY DURING THE REVOLUTION.¹

SOME ten years back or more the Abbé Sicard brought out his *l'Ancien Clergé de France* (a work crowned by the *Académie française*) and his *Evêques avant la Revolution*. He is now engaged in a fresh edition of these two books, revised and augmented on so large a scale as to form practically a new work altogether. The title of the first is now changed and becomes *Le Clergé de France pendant la Revolution*, and is to be in three volumes, named respectively *L'Effondrement*, *La Lutte religieuse*, and *De l'Exil au Concordat*. Of these the last volume is still on sale in its third edition, and we do not gather that it is to be further expanded. The new edition of the second volume (the third of the original edition) is described as in preparation; and it has been under the impression that it would be out before this, that we have been holding over our notice of the first volume, which we have had in hand in its new form for some months. This first volume is entitled *L'Effondrement*,—a word which we may perhaps best translate by "Downfall"—of the French Church, though this rendering misses the implication contained in the French term, the implication of a previous undermining under the influence of eighteenth century ideas. M. Sicard divides this volume into four parts, describing separately the downfall caused by the Revolution to the Great French Church, after centuries of steady and magnificent growth, in its political power, its financial endowments, its monastic institutions, its religious and social activities. In constructing his narrative he has relied almost entirely on contemporary documents, Diaries, *Cahiers du clergé*, Episcopal *mandements*, *Archives parlementaires*, Brochures, Correspondences. To these he refers often in the footnotes, but a defect in the book is that it lacks any systematic ap-

¹ *Le clergé de France pendant la Revolution*. Par M. l'Abbé Sicard. Tom. I. *L'Effondrement*. Nouvelle édition entièrement refondue et très augmentée. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. Pp. 604. Price, 6 fr. 1912.

paratus criticus to inform the reader where or in what collection the documents cited are to be found, so as to enable him to appraise them at their respective values. Nevertheless, it is clear throughout that the author is in close contact with the primary authorities, and it is a consequence that, as one reads on one feels oneself transported into the atmosphere and horizons of the times concerned, able to realize how the various thinkers and actors felt then, when as yet the future had not cast its light upon the true tendency and significance of their doings.

Out of the wealth of material which the author has amassed, deep as is the interest it offers in almost every page, we must be content to advert to one or two simple points on which these materials are informing. The clergy, when the *Etats-généraux* met, was split into two parties. The Bishops, being for the most part drawn from the ranks of the nobility, went naturally with the peers, the *curés* and lower clergy went with the *tiers-état* from the midst of which they sprang, and whose lot they shared. Hence, when the initial claim was advanced by the *tiers-état* (who in actual numbers were in a majority over the two other houses), for a fusion of the three Chambers into one, the lower clergy were already gained over to the measure.

The clergy (in their own Chamber) included a clerical *tiers-état* of *curés*, who through their windows, so to say, stretched out their hands to the lay *tiers-état*. . . In the elections they had been the friends of the country-folk. In almost all the *bailliages* when they could speak out what they felt, they had demanded that the voting should be by head. It was they who frequently drew up the statement of the desires and grievances of the electors, who formed their flocks.

Perhaps, if unsupported by some of the Bishops, this movement among the lower clergy would not have attained success. But some of these, led by Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, joined a little later by de Pompignan, Archbishop of Vienna, Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, Dulau of Arles, and Boisgelin of Aix, though not without anxieties as to consequences they foresaw, were gained over to the popular cause by the feeling that only thus could a useful co-operation for promoting the public welfare at a critical moment be ensured. M. Sicard's authorities bring home to us the process by which this transformation was brought about, until after two months' hesitation, the clergy surrendered their privileged

position, and the peers being no longer able to hold out, a National Assembly was constituted in which one man's vote counted for as much as another's, and the fortunes of the nation were confided to the care of a single chamber, the majority in which was led by doctrinaires, steeped in the ideas of Rousseau.

The constitution on these lines of the *Assemblée nationale* led straight up to the historic abolition of all privileges on the famous night of August 4, 1789, and the despoliation of all the property of the clergy which logically followed and was completed by May 14th of the ensuing year. Here again M. Sicard's documents enable us to enter into the minds of those affected. The lower clergy had wished for the tithes to be liberated from the impropiators and restored to themselves: they had not thought of their being suppressed altogether. Still they seem to have anticipated that the nation would in return for their sacrifice give them a provision, which for the lower clergy might be an advance on the miserable pittance they had lived on in the past, an anticipation in place of which a bitter disappointment awaited them. The Bishops had more to lose by the spoliation. Yet they seem to have not merely awaited it but sought for it. An unaccountable fit of enthusiasm came over them at the crucial moment, and they offered more even than they were asked, nor did it occur to them that without the permission of the Holy See they had no power to give away property of which they were only the beneficiaries in trust. One effect of this fit of unreason was that the tithes, instead of being transferred to the State, were allowed to remain in the pockets of the tithe-payers. And as for the real property, when the impossibility of selling all those properties at once was pointed out to Mirabeau, he replied: "If we cannot sell them we will give them away." In his chapter on the *Sale of the Ecclesiastical possessions*, M. Sicard paints an extraordinary picture of all the jobbery which went on throughout the country over these sales, of which the final result was that the State got little or nothing out of the whole transaction; all the more because of the mad way in which it issued and multiplied the *assignats* till an *assignat* of 100 livres in four or five years time was worth hardly more than a *sou*, and the State debt had become overwhelming. The enormous wealth of the higher clergy had been a chief cause of the jealousies which led on to the despoliation. It was a grave abuse, but

it is often forgotten that many of them, like de Boisgelin and Juigné were lavish also in their contributions to good causes. Perhaps it is this which explains what even then is remarkable, the heroism with which the prelates took their misfortunes, even when the transports of the moment were over, and they stood faced with the realities of destitution. "Posterity," nobly but truly said Mgr. Barral, the Bishop of Troyes, "when it learns of this fearful spoliation we have suffered, will honour more the time of our misfortunes than the time of our prosperity."

Along with the spoliation of the secular clergy came the expulsion from their homes and the despoliation of the monks and nuns. This, too, M. Sicard sets before us in a moving but well-documented picture, crowded with details. His estimate is that the nuns were on the whole true to their vocation, but that the monks on the whole had become demoralized by wealth and indolence. Still he can cite instances which imply that amidst the faithless there were many faithful found, and that some entire Orders were strict in their observance.

We must pass over without comment the four concluding chapters in which the downfall of the French Church's religious and social influence is described with the same wealth of testimonies from contemporary writers. Enough has been said to show what a valuable contribution the Abbé Sicard has made to the study of a period which, if one of the saddest, is also one of the most important and eventful periods in history.

2.—ALLEN'S "DEFENCE."¹

The managers of "The Catholic Library" are to be congratulated on the publication of this fine masterpiece of Elizabethan Catholic Literature, with its excellent and pointed Preface by Cardinal Bourne. Cardinal Allen is one of those grand characters, one of those simple but great souls, with whom we can never converse, either through his books or his letters, without feeling affected by his calm, religious yet powerful way of dealing with the deepest problems of Church policy.

¹ A True, Sincere, and Modest Defence of English Catholics. By William Allen. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. London: Manresa Press and Herder. 2 vols. Pp. xiv, 110; vi, 152. Price, 1s. net each. 1914.

This book is the third of an important series. In his *Apologie for the Seminaries*, published three years earlier (and never since reprinted), he had demonstrated the innocence of Catholic religious principles and of the Catholic clergy. In his *Martyrdom of Campion and his Companions*, which came out next (reprinted in 1908), he had shown, in the most touching manner, how worthy to be revered and how glorious were the lives and deaths of those holy priests. This had been met by a tract, *The Defence of English Justice*, in which Lord Burghley himself, but anonymously, defended his Government's action with all those subtle and plausible appeals to English prejudices, which he knew so well how to make. It was a very strong and remarkable work; it has been frequently reprinted, and has inspired, directly or indirectly, the defenders of the Protestant tradition ever since. We shall not appreciate Allen's work, unless we realize how powerful was the "Libeller," against whom he strove.

He met him by rising to a higher plane, and going over the whole matter in debate, even the most thorny subjects, as loyalty and its limits, or the rights of the Church in temporals. He had to show, and he showed, that there was nothing wrong in the Catholic cause; that the most precarious, slippery questions, those most liable to offence, might yet be justified with perfect candour and serenity, and without compromising the tenderest love of country and of all that patriotism can hold dear.

The result is the little book before us; a most welcome arrival on our bookshelves; a gem in its way, though not without its flaws. Like all Elizabethans, Allen wrote under the dominion of the classics. But the Ciceronic sentence-structure, then so much admired, now requires an effort to follow, which cannot but take off, to some extent, from the pleasure of facile reading. We cannot help thinking that an even more extensive use by the editors of punctuation (especially of the bracket, and of the dash, which we nowadays so rarely use) would have been an improvement.

Be this as it may, we cannot open the book anywhere without feeling at once the lifting force of Allen's great heart and great theme. In particular, as Cardinal Bourne points out with much force, it is impossible to evade the conviction that in Allen's mind—and who should know better?—the religion he defended was essentially different from the official religion of the State. There was a complete severance of

the branch from the tree. We shall not often need now to analyse his arguments, or to quote his facts; for the questions that come before us are not generally quite the same that presented themselves to him. But we do need his inspiration as much as ever; and this necessity should make us appreciate, what Edmund Bolton had in mind, when he spoke in his *Hypercritica* of Allen's "princely, grave and flourishing piece of exquisite, natural English."

3.—OZANAM'S FRANCISCAN POETS.¹

The translators of *Franciscan Poets* have timed their publication well, for the name of Frederick Ozanam, whose centenary occurred last year, is just now a familiar one to Catholics in England as well as in France. As a Christian social reformer, and the direct cause of one of the most remarkable religious revivals in history, Ozanam has become well known to English Catholics, but the presentation of that wonderful character would have remained incomplete without an introduction to this, his greatest literary achievement. This masterpiece shows the practical reformer as the interpreter of the poetic spirit of mediæval Italy, and of the Franciscan mystics who set theology to song, and preached the eternal verities in the spontaneous metres of the troubadours. It has been maintained that biography has the advantage over autobiography, inasmuch as it presents two personalities to the reader—that of the subject and of his biographer, the latter frequently not the least interesting of the two. This aspect of Frederick Ozanam, revelling in the madness of such strange, generous spirits as Jacopone da Todi, and writing in kindred ecstasy, one might almost say, of those consecrated singers, gives an indispensable touch to the portrait of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The book is full of scholarship. Germany, France and Italy have allowed unquestioning pre-eminence to Ozanam as an authority on Franciscan literature. His analysis of the origin of Italian poesy, his masterly tracing of the sources of Danté's inspiration, all go towards making *Franciscan Poets* one of the most valuable works on the subject. We are taken back to the poetry of the Catacombs—for Italian

¹ The *Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century*. By Frederick Ozanam. Translated and annotated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig. London: David Nutt. Pp. 333. (Four Illustrations). Price, 6s. net. 1914.

poetic art has a magnificent pedigree—and the development of the symbolism which found birth there is traced through the stone poems of the Christian basilicas to the age which expressed its religious fervours in the poetry of St. Francis, St. Bonaventura, and Blessed Jacopone.

Of this race of giants, as the translator terms them in her Preface, the author's favourite is undoubtedly Jacopone da Todi, the sublime madman who became a fool for God's sake, and withal wrote the incomparable *Stabat Mater*. Much of the book is devoted to his romantic life-story, but we learn also of the "King of Verses," so-called by the world in which he had received the poet's laurel crown from the Emperor, who on hearing the little Poor Man preach, abandoned profane literature, and became Brother Pacificus of the Friars Minor. It was Brother Pacificus who revised at the latter's request the irregularities of the songs composed by St. Francis. St. Bonaventura, the master of symbolic and poetic expression, is another with whom we become more intimately acquainted. Indeed, the whole book is alive with the spirit of romance, chivalry and poetry. The nineteenth century writer is in full sympathy with the thirteenth century singer. He passes the message on to us faithfully, with a charm that has been admirably preserved in the translation. His erudite treatise on the sources of Italian poetry is mainly a troubadour's story of the Court poet turned from coronation odes to gay canticles of heavenly love—of the doctor of theology impelled to tell his philosophy in song through the magic of the brown habit—of the *jongleur* decoyed from the themes of the pagan world to find frenzied mirth in the glory of Renunciation. What heart-stirring material of which to make a book! Small wonder that Frederick Ozanam found time in the midst of his labours for such a task. The translator's Preface also shows a sympathy with her subject which proves that her service to the English-reading public was a labour of love. It has, moreover, a distinction of style that would make us hope for something on the subject from her own pen. Both the translation and the annotations are excellently done—the latter being wisely placed at the end of each chapter, so that while the irksomeness of the footnote is avoided, we get our annotation before we have forgotten to what it has reference. The illustrations are interesting and well produced.

4.—ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.¹

Catholics need no interpretation of the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul. Apart from numerous biographies, his own letters, sermons and conferences and various monographs on his life-work, there exist in our midst three associations, two called by his name, which aim at perpetuating his spirit and emulating his example. We who know what motives animate the heroism of the Sister of Charity, and of the missionary Lazarist, and the devotedness of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent, can estimate at their proper value the scoffs of Viscount St. Cyres, quoted from his *Pascal* by Miss Sanders, about "practical philanthropists" and their superficial views. But it may well be that those ignorant of his inner life and seeing only his external activities, have formed an inadequate notion of St. Vincent's character, and for such Miss Sanders' biography will probably be a revelation. Throughout, she lays stress on the spiritual side of the Saint's work, how his own personal intercourse with God was the source of his strength, how, like all true social reformers, he aimed at reaching the soul through the body, to build up character as well as physique, and how in consequence his main interest in life was his congregation of Priests of the Mission. Although seemingly unwilling to speak of Vincent as Saint, Miss Sanders understands what saintship is—an emptying of self that God may enter in, St. Ignatius' "third degree" of Humility, the "putting on" of Christ—and she rightly sees that it was his holiness and nothing else that made him what he was. But she fails to see that it was the absence of that humility—entire dependence on God, entire distrust of self—that brought Port Royal, high as was its first ideal, to nought. Obedience is the Ithuriel's spear which infallibly detects heresy, and the Port Royalists succumbed to the test. There is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that St. Vincent was wholly opposed to the spirit of Port Royal, because it was the antithesis of his own. If, therefore, his was from God, we cannot doubt that the other was not. Accordingly, sound as generally are Miss Sanders' estimates of spiritual values, they are not to be wholly trusted. She has more excuse for speaking of the Sisters of Charity as if they were

¹ Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist. 1576—1660. By E. K. Sanders. London: Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, Ltd. Pp. xxiii, 419. Price, 16s. net. 1913.

not nuns or religious, because the saying was one of St. Vincent's own. But at that time it was not so clearly understood that the essence of the religious state is not the cloister but the triple vow in an association approved of by the Church. The uncloistered nun was a novelty, just as was the exemption, a century before, of the Society of Jesus from choir duties. There is a tendency in Miss Sanders' work, natural enough as it is intended for the non-Catholic reader, to make excuses for the ascetic and devotional practices familiar to Catholics. This again forms a note of indecision in an admirable book. But on the whole the work is well done: both the man and his times are full of interest, and the authoress has used her material with great skill and discrimination.

5.—A LOYAL LIFE.¹

A Loyal Life is the memoir by Father Havens Richards, S.J., of his late father, Henry Livingston Richards, an American convert received in 1852, and during his life-time a familiar figure among American Catholics of the Eastern States. Henry Livingston Richards was born in 1814, at Granville in the State of Ohio. He came of the stock of the old Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts, regarding whom, though he travelled far from their religious views, he cherished, particularly in his Catholic days, a high opinion. "Grafted into the original vine of God's Church," he used to say, "they would make a nation of saints." His parents were deeply religious people of this persuasion, their particular variety being Congregationalist, until much later, his father, disgusted by the quarrels that were continually breaking out among these people, went over to the Episcopalians, and was the means of building a church for them at Granville, where he was the medical man of the newly-founded village. He wished his eldest son to be well-educated, and so sent him to Kenyon College, Gambier, where he spent his school-years. Returning home, he was placed for a time with an uncle who kept a dry-goods store, but the Revivalists came into the neighbourhood and created a stir. They guided many through the peculiar process to which they give the name of conversion, and eventually captured Henry Richards in this way. His account of the process as it was experienced

¹ *A Biography of Henry Livingston Richards. With selections from his Letters, and a Sketch of the Catholic Movement in America. By Joseph Havens Richards, S.J. St. Louis: Herder. Pp. vii, 306. Price, 8s. 1913.*

by himself, as well as the criticisms he passed upon it as the fruit of his reflections in after years, makes good reading. At the time it had the good effect of making him more serious, and created the desire to enter the Christian ministry in some one or other of its many varieties.

Apparently it was the accident of his father being Episcopalian, and of Kenyon College being well-known to him, which determined for him that he should be trained for the Episcopalian rather than any other ministry. It was, however, all in the providence of God, for the Tractarian Movement, then at its zenith in England, had recently extended its influence to the United States, where it was exercising many devout minds but was likewise stirring up a fierce Puritan opposition. The echoes of this controversy were heard, as was to be expected, in Kenyon College, where several of the young men were smitten in some degree with Tractarian ideas, whilst an uncompromising Evangelical Bishop had lately succeeded, as President, to a Bishop with inclinations towards the new movement. For the time Henry Richards continued to remain a strict Evangelical, but he could not but reflect on the views which were being discussed among his fellow-students, and he became impressed by their insistence on the necessity of Church Order, and the extent to which this was implied in the doctrine, which was also sharply debated, of baptismal regeneration. "Baptismal regeneration," he wrote at the time, "implies a system, an organization, a divine arrangement for nourishing and carrying on this divine life to its completion. . . . It implies a hierarchy, a teaching and governing body, a settled fixed body of dogma, in short, all that is included in the Catholic system." For a young man to make such a reflection testifies to a remarkable gift of insight, and it was the seed thus sown which was to give the direction to his thoughts which eventually led him to the Catholic Church. His college course now completed, he took Orders, and likewise a wife, who seems to have been an ideal wife and mother. He was now appointed to the Episcopal Church of St. Paul at Columbus, in which capacity he showed himself a zealous pastor, and his ministrations were much appreciated. He was still a Low Churchman, but with a congregation inclined to be High. But two influences were now brought to bear upon him, one intellectual, for he was a great reader and could not but take interest in the Oxford movement; and one practical, for his

experience as a pastor caused him progressively to realize the correspondence between the spiritual needs of his flock and the provision made by the sacramental system of the Catholic Church. "The dim shadow," he says of this time, "of the mighty figure seemed to float before my mind, prophetically revealing itself, lineament by lineament, until in time, with the opportunities of reading that fell in my way, I came to comprehend the system in its entirety, as a unique and comprehensive and consistent whole." Nor was there wanting at this time to lead him on, the stimulus of the conversions of others which, during the latter part of the forties, were multiplying around him. But chiefly the light came to him through a visit to the South, where he had opportunities of seeing Catholicism in action and reading much of its literature.

He was received into the Catholic Church in 1852, his wife following him four years later. The priesthood was barred to him by his married state, but he became, what comes next to the priesthood, a true-hearted and loyal layman, on whose co-operation the clergy could always count to the extent of his possibilities. He devoted himself to the work of Sunday schools, to that of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul, and the organization of charities. He could use his pen, too, with effect, in the Catholic cause, and he took his place among the leaders of the American Catholic community. Along with the incidents of his father's personal life, his son and biographer has brought together many interesting facts appertaining to the general history of the movement towards Catholicism in the United States and of the notable converts it yielded.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY.

ONE of the most important and not the least difficult problems in theology is the analysis of the Act of Faith. We cannot be saved without faith, and so it belongs to God's Providence to make the act of faith possible even to the simplest mind. Accordingly any analysis of it which would demand conditions for its exercise accessible only to the educated and mentally acute is *ipso facto* seen to be wrong. The difficulty of explaining it arises from the fact that God's action is essential to its reality, yet God's interference is not directly perceptible. This important question has been treated with singular clearness and sobriety

of judgment by Father P. P. M'Kenna, O.P., in his recent volume **The Theology of Faith** (Browne and Nolan: Dublin). Feeling that Modernist writings have served further to obscure the problem, he has been at great pains to show the fundamental error of the Modernist position, and on this account alone his essay is very valuable. The case against the rationalist has long ago been established, yet here again Father M'Kenna brings originality and freshness to bear upon it. Theological students will delight in this lucid and ably-reasoned exposition, whilst the general reader will find its perusal much facilitated by reason of its being expressed in clear and non-technical language.

The Dominican translation of St. Thomas' **Summa** (Washbourne: 6s. net) is proceeding apace. The whole First Part is finished in three volumes, and we have now reached the second volume of the translation of the Third Part, devoted to "Christology." To translate St. Thomas into the vernacular is not necessarily to make him intelligible to the modern mind: a certain familiarity in the reader with scholastic habits of thought and expression is generally needed, but, granted this, no one can deny that the Dominican Fathers are making, in this excellently printed edition, the inexhaustible treasures of the Saint's erudition easily accessible to English readers.

That a second edition of so large and so learned a book as Dr. Adrian Fortescue's **The Mass** (Longmans: 6s. net) should be called for within little more than a year of its first appearance (we reviewed it in June, 1912) is a striking testimony to the interest both of its subject and its treatment. The author has taken occasion to revise the work thoroughly. Whilst grateful for the criticisms and suggestions provided by many reviewers, he finds no reason to depart from his position relative to the existence of a primitive universal rite and to the method of formation of the Roman Canon. But it is characteristic of his work to give a full and fair statement of views which he does not accept.

Just as Father Lehmkuhl's famous *Moral Theology* manages to combine the excellences of a substantive treatise and a manual, so skilful is its arrangement and so carefully-digested its matter, so his two large volumes of **Casus Conscientiæ** (Herder: 16s.; 20s. cloth), of which the fourth edition "correcta et aucta" have lately been issued, give one the impression that all possible contingencies have been discussed and yet, being based on the larger work, are exceedingly easy to use with advantage. In view of the ignorance still prevailing in clerical circles regarding the exact nature and scope of the doctrine of Probabilism, so often expounded in this Review, we are glad to see that the venerable author reiterates and emphasizes his reasoned adhesion to that teaching.

Father Christian Pesch's *Prælectiones Dogmaticæ* is another of those admirably arranged treatises which render the study of theology, difficult as the subject generally is, attractive if not simple. The nine volumes of which it is composed the author has succeeded, not by mere omission, but by condensation and rearrangement, in reducing to four, which form a very handy **Compendium** of the whole. We have already noticed the first two: the third is to hand (Herder: 5s. paper, 6s. cloth), and the last is now due.

The popularity of Dr. Sebastian Reinstadler's **Elementa Philosophiæ Scholasticæ** (Herder: 2 vols., 6s. 9d., paper) is testified by the rapid succession of editions which appear. The present, duly revised by the

author, is called the seventh and eighth. The volumes are excellently printed and, being small in format and light in weight, are convenient manuals in every sense.

The standard work of De Brabandère, on Canon Law, now some fifty years old, has been brought up-to-date and re-issued by Canon A. de Meester, of Bruges, and of this *Juris Canonici et Juris Canonico-civilis Compendium* (St. Augustine's Society: 15 fr. the vol.), the first part of the first volume has been re-issued in an eighth edition. Canon Law under the present rulers of the Church cannot be said to be a fixed and unchanging Code; it is eminently necessary, therefore, to revise the old treatises and bring them abreast of the times, and this the learned Canon is successfully accomplishing.

DEVOTIONAL.

It might be thought that by translating and publishing what St. Thomas has written in his *Summa On Prayer and the Contemplative Life* (Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net), Father Hugh Pope, O.P., was interfering with the great version of the *Summa* which his brethren of the English Province are at present engaged in executing. Yet it really is not so: the matter presented here is a comparatively small section of the second portion of the Second Part and, although translated in full, it is broken up and illustrated by a sort of running commentary taken from St. Augustine and Cardinal Cajetan. The whole is very well done, and those who want, as all should, to have a trustworthy guide in their intercourse with God will find it in these pages, so sober and methodical yet so illuminating.

Under the title *Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim* (Washbourne: 5s. net), Mr. W. H. Mitchell has translated a book of meditations by the late Père Giraud on the early life of our Lord. The title would seem to belong to the completed work embracing the whole career of Christ, but of course the character of Priest and Victim attached to Him from the first. The meditations, elaborated with skill and devotion, are twenty-seven in number.

In a series of twelve conferences M. l'Abbé E. Catteau discusses the complementary subjects—*L'Athéisme et l'Existence de Dieu* (Téqui: 2.50 fr.)—in a style full of rhetorical force, yet drawing strength as well from an inexorable logic. The aggressive atheism of his country provokes, no doubt, a corresponding vigour of expression, and the Abbé is not conciliatory to the free-thinker, but in the constructive part of the book polemics are not so much to the fore.

M. Téqui has republished, at 3.50 fr., a collection of sermons by Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, which first saw the light in 1901. *Soyons Apôtres!* its title, gives a good idea of the general trend of these impassioned discourses, inviting Catholics to active participation in the various forms of activity, personal, social and religious, that lie to their hands to-day.

The Abbé Henri Le Camus has written an exceedingly practical book. *Retraites Fermées: nature, organization, direction* (Téqui: 2.00 fr.), in which he not only explains at length all that goes to making the formal part of a retreat successful, but also in no less detail the material items to be considered in housing and feeding a number of people under the peculiar conditions in which they meet for this exercise.

The *Daily Reflections for Christians* (Washbourne: 2 vols., 10s. 6d. net) of the Very Rev. Father Charles Cox, O.M.I., are intended to pro-

vide spiritual reading for every day of the year, arranged to some extent according to the ecclesiastical calendar. Each reading is of definite length, upon some point of the varied scheme of Christian practice, and pleasantly combines instruction with exhortation.

Jesus Amabilis, a book for daily prayer (Washbourne: 2s. net), by Francesca Glazier, is the work of one who has evidently made a deep study of the character of our Lord, whether revealed in Holy Writ or in the more vital experience of the spiritual life. There are fifty-two several aspects of that wonderful character, each illustrated by seven passages from Scripture and the Fathers with appropriate comments; so that here again we have prayerful material of excellent quality provided for each day of the year.

Singularly searching, sound and candid are the counsels for married women which l'Abbé F. Lefèvre has collected, developed and published in his volume—**Mission et Vertus Sociales de l'Épouse Chrétienne** (Téqui: 2.00 fr.). Especially timely are his warnings against the immodesty in dress, towards which the grotesque fashions of the day incline even the best-disposed. The book, which is in its second edition, has received the approbation of the Pope and of forty-three other cardinals and prelates.

Père Hurtaud, O.P., has done more, in **Le Dialogue de Sainte Catherine de Sienne** (Lethielleux: 2 vols., 5.00 fr.), than translate the inspired revelations of the Saint. He has prefaced the work by a critical Introduction, establishing its provenance and its value. These wonderful outpourings of a God-enraptured soul lose nothing of their force and directness in their French dress.

In a prefatory explanation of great candour and simplicity M. l'Abbé H. Morice gives the genesis of his book—**La Femme Chrétienne et la Souffrance** (Téqui: 2.00 fr.)—which gradually shaped itself out of the advice which in his sacred calling he had frequently to proffer to souls in distress. Nothing more efficacious did he find than an exposition of the mystery of the Cross, the divinely-appointed way to Heaven, God's instrument in effecting the pruning necessary for the health of His plants. In some fifteen conferences he has developed various aspects of this mystery, and drawn from it the abundant consolation which it conveys to those who envisage it aright.

Father Faber asserts somewhere that devotion to the Holy Souls is the highest form of charity towards our neighbour. It has always flourished in the Church, and more than one religious congregation is consecrated to its promotion. A little prayer-book with the appropriate title **The Souls' Forget-me-not** (Washbourne: 1s. 6d.), translated by Canon Moser, of Peterborough, from the German of Rev. L. Gemminger, now in its third edition, gives admirable expression to this devotion and has long been a favourite with those who practise it.

Mgr. de Gibergues' book on **Faith** (Burns and Oates: 2s. 6d. net), excellently translated into English, is not a theological treatise but a popular yet fairly exhaustive account of that great habit of soul which is the whole basis of the supernatural life. The author first explains the psychology of Faith, then its necessity even for the due development of human nature, finally its effects and obligations, and its chief cause and exemplar the personality of Christ. The exposition is clear and is confirmed by many striking quotations.

For the Lenten season *Méditations sur le Mystère de l'Agonie de N.S. Jesus-Christ* (Téqui: 1.00 fr.), by Abbé N. Laux, will be found suggestive and appropriate.

The *Thesaurus Fidelium* (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net) is a manual of prayers and spiritual advice compiled for the benefit of those who have the vocation to live the life of prayer in the world. To follow such a call is, as Mgr. Benson points out in an admirable little Preface, the most difficult task that can be conceived. Hence the need of much caution to guard against the pitfalls and dangers on every side. The *Thesaurus* is full of hints, instructions and suggestions on mental and vocal prayer, rules of life and the various other means of overcoming spiritual and natural obstacles. It is culled from numerous sources which range in quality from the sublimely spiritual to the eminently practical. Such a book should be welcomed by all seekers after perfection.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. l'Abbé J. Paquier, in the fourth volume of his translation—*Luther et le Luthéranisme* (Picard: 5.00 fr.)—of Denifle's famous work has brought his task practically to an end. As we have before pointed out, this is more than a mere translation, for M. Paquier has corrected and supplemented his original where necessary, and whilst preserving its entirety has relegated much extraneous matter to the notes. An important feature in this volume is the collection of portraits of Luther and a full discussion, with engravings, of the infamous *Abbildung des Papstums*.

It is superfluous to speak of the merits of Father H. Grisar's *Luther* (Kegan Paul: 12s. net), the second volume of which, in the English translation by E. M. Lamond, appeared several months ago. The work has been applauded even by those most interested in upholding the Protestant view, precisely because Father Grisar has succeeded in discarding all partizan "views" and has aimed at a purely objective study of the character of his subject. The present instalment is the second of the six volumes which will comprise the whole, and carries the examination of the Reformer's life and writings to the end of the Diet of Augsburg (1530). This history will be for Catholics, and not a few Protestants, practically the last word on Luther, and as such it should be placed in all public and parish libraries.

In *A Modern Franciscan* (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net) Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., sketches for us the career of a holy man of our own time, whose short life of thirty-nine years closed as lately as 1898. The work is based upon a French original, but Father Devas contributes a clear and useful Introduction on the main principles of asceticism, which were so emphatically illustrated in Father Arsenius. He was a man of extraordinary humility and mortification, a miracle of energy and zeal. Part of his apostolate he spent at Clevedon in Somerset, so that he will not be wholly unknown amongst us. He died as Provincial of the Province of France, an immense loss to his Order, but leaving behind him the stimulating example of an heroic life, now happily made accessible to English readers in this admirable biography.

The *Catholic Library* continues and even enhances the high standard of literary merit and utility with which it began. Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., in *St. Antonino and Medieval Economics* (Manresa Press: 1s.

net), which forms volume three of the series, gives us what is not only a well-digested and clearly-stated summary of European conditions in the early fifteenth century, an essay in the philosophy of history characterized by much depth and insight, but also a charming picture of the life-work, practical and literary, of the great Florentine Archbishop, who like his Master did as well as taught. His teaching, the application of Christian justice to the commercial problems so pressing in that trading republic, shows a grasp of the principles of economics wonderful in a pioneer and, if of value then, of much more value in our own day, when Christianity and commerce have long been strangers.

It is emphatically true of Louis Veuillot that "*defunctus adhuc loquitur*." During the past year, which was the centenary of his birth and the thirtieth since his death, volume after volume has issued from the French press recalling his life-work, *i.e.*, his speeches and writings. The third edition of the great *Vie de Louis Veuillot* (Lethielleux: in 4 vols., 7.50 fr. a volume) was completed by the issue of the last volume, dealing with the years 1869-1883. No man could desire a more worthy monument than this which Eugène and François Veuillot have raised to their uncle's memory, and it hardly needs the warm letter of approval and appreciation from Pius X. printed here as a preface to commend the work to Catholics.

The great writer's complete works, which will be contained in about forty large octavo volumes, are also in process of publication by M. Lethielleux. The *Correspondence de Louis Veuillot* alone run to more than a dozen: of these the eighth and ninth have recently appeared in a second edition (6.00 fr. each). They form an invaluable commentary on French affairs in the middle of last century, as well as a mine of nobler thoughts and high aspirations.

Amongst the many books commemorating the life-work of Louis Veuillot which his centenary has called forth, the little *Choix de Pensées extraites de ses Œuvres* (Lethielleux: 1.00 fr.) will, on account of its compactness and the high quality of its contents, be one of the most effective.

The eloquent panegyric of Louis Veuillot—*Eloge de Louis Veuillot* (Lethielleux: 1.00 fr.)—which Mgr. Touchet, of Orleans, delivered at Montmartre on the occasion of the great writer's birth-centenary, is now accessible in pamphlet form.

We are naturally pleased that the originators of a new series of Saints' Lives for children, called *Standard-Bearers of the Faith*, should have begun with *The Life of St. Ignatius Loyola* (Brodie: 1s. net). The military character of his genius, doubtless, suggested him as a fitting leader for that glorious host. And his career, too, has enough incident and adventure to attract the youthful mind. F. A. Forbes, the author of this life, whilst providing a clear account of the whole, has cleverly emphasized those features of the great captain's career which are calculated to excite the admiration of young and generous hearts.

In *L'Esclave des Nègres* (Téqui: 2 fr.) M. Jean Charruau treats of the familiar career of St. Peter Claver with considerable freshness. Religion alone can prompt to humanitarian devotion such as his, for where do we find record of a real unbeliever so exercising the "works of Faith"?

The life of a Breton mystic of the seventeenth century takes us a long way back. **Armelle Nicolas** (Téqui: 3.50 fr.) is an account by Viscount H. le Gouvello of a holy domestic servant of Campénéac whose whole existence was wrapt up in God from the dawn of reason till her death. It is singular that, although venerated as a Saint in her own country and a worker of miracles, the Cause of her beatification has never been introduced.

The success of her edition of the memoirs of a *Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror* has evidently inspired Miss Frances Jackson to translate another series of recollections, also dealing with French revolutionary history. Her **Memoirs of Baron Hyde de Neuville: Outlaw, Exile, Ambassador** (Sands: 2 vols., 21s. net) takes us from the last days of the *ancien régime* to the end of the Second Empire, and describes the adventurous career of one who took a leading part in the defence of royalty during those times of revolution. Although its interest is not so great as that of the *Diary of the Papal Envoy*, yet it is much more prolonged and diversified, for Hyde de Neuville played many important parts and his disclosure of the tangled inner course of French politics, coloured though it is by his strong legitimist principles, has a fascination of its own. His services to the French crown took him to many places abroad—England, America, Austria, Portugal—and he gives us vivid contemporary pictures of bygone scenes and customs. The translator supplies all needful information in notes, besides condensing the narrative and omitting much that is merely formal. The book is excellently produced with many striking illustrations.

Two American and two English impressions of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's **Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman** having been presumably exhausted, Messrs. Longmans have determined to bring the biography before a wider public by an issue at the comparatively low price of 12s.6d. net. This new impression contains an interesting letter of Newman's on his relations with W. G. Ward, but otherwise no changes or additions of importance.

A stirring story is told in **St. Louis, King of France** (Sands: 3s.6d. net), by an anonymous author in the "Notre Dame" series of Saints' Lives, and it is told with freshness and considerable insight both into the psychology of Sainthood and into mediæval history.

Baron Imbert de St. Amand has continued the series of which we recently reviewed two books on Marie-Antoinette by two studies of the Empress Josephine, one entitled **Jeunesse de l'Impératrice** (Lethielleux: 2.00 fr.), the other **La Citoyenne Bonaparte** (ib.: 2.00 fr.). Of these the first relates the career of the beautiful Creole down to her leaving America for Europe; the second carries us down to the 19th Brumaire of the year viii. The Baron has written with real knowledge of the facts, based on personal research for which he has had special facilities, and with a picturesque and pleasant pen.

POETRY.

Not all the poems in the anthology of his own verse which Father Edward Garesché has collected and published with the title **The Four Gates** (Kenedy and Sons: \$1.00) is up to the high standard of the best, but all alike show lofty spirituality, a power of self-criticism, a delicate sense of the value of words and the effects of rhythm. Father Garesché's muse, with but few exceptions, is consecrated to holy themes, and

manages to unite piety and poetry in union as fitting as rare. The poems are grouped into four sections, corresponding roughly by incidence of feast and aspect of nature to the four seasons. They form a notable addition to sacred literature.

For the most part the devotional poems *In the Watches of the Night* (Washbourne: 1s. net), by E. M. R. Forster, were worth preserving. They are born of texts from the Scriptures or the Liturgy pondered over with spiritual insight and crystallized into short pregnant lines and stanzas in simple metres without strain or excess of ornament, recalling the manner and achieving some of the success of *Father Tabb*.

With Wordsworthian directness and disdain of ornament, Mr. F. E. Albino, in a little book of verse—*On Sorrow's Harp* (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net)—has written a number of lyrics on the vanities of human things which are relieved from pessimism by the strong Christian hope that is behind them, but not always relieved from prose by the plain diction employed. Still, on the whole, the booklet contains plenty of evidence of a genuine poetic gift.

FICTION.

The collection of sketches and stories called *Home-spun Yarns* (Gill and Son: 3s. 6d.), which Father T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M., has lately published, are thoroughly racy of the soil. They are written for the most part in an easy familiar dialect, adorned with many scraps of Irish, but the humour is of the substance of the book, not in the mere phraseology. Father Fitzgerald speaks of what he knows, and he knows Ireland to its last sod and every whimsical or noble trait in the Irish character.

GENERAL.

There are many signs in Mr. Wingfield-Stretford's *History of English Patriotism* (Lane: 2 vols., 25s. net) of comparative freedom from that prejudice which must necessarily warp the views of an historian who does not accept the Catholic Church as a divine institution, but many signs too that the lack of that central truth has hindered his grasp of other dependent verities. For him, Luther stands for the "might of holiness and truth," the Pope approved of the Bartholomew, Mariana's doctrine of regicide was that of the Jesuits, the monasteries were oppressive landlords, Elizabeth's persecution was justified, &c., &c. The old Protestant tradition breathes in these pages, which are well and even brilliantly written, and shows itself especially in the contention that Catholicity is incompatible with English patriotism. He does not seem to realize that all merely natural virtue must be conditioned by the law of God, that "my country right or wrong" is a profoundly immoral cry, and that if a man be called upon to hate even parents who oppose his service of Christ, much more is he justified at the same high call in promoting the Kingdom of God rather than any earthly interests. And so in these vivid pages, which often recall J. R. Green, we find breaches of morality such as were perpetrated by the Tudors condoned under plea of political necessity. A clearer conception of what true patriotism consists in, viz., an extension of filial piety motivated by gratitude, would have prevented the author from identifying it, as he sometimes seems to do, with that perverted national pride which issues in jingoism.

The Cambridge University Press send us a number of school-books brought out with its customary taste. **The Essays of Elia** and the **Last Essays of Elia** (2s. 6d. each), edited with a sufficiency of notes by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., puts Lamb before the school-boy in a very appetizing form. The two parts of **A Book of English Prose** (1s. 6d. and 2s.), selected by Percy Lubbock, M.A., are intended respectively for Preparatory and Secondary Schools. The extracts are judiciously chosen mainly from authors who flourished during the last three centuries. **The Elements of New Testament Greek** (3s. net), by the Rev. H. P. V. Nunn, M.A., is intended for those who, leaving school without Greek, desire to learn enough to read the New Testament in the original. It is a very thoroughly equipped grammar, reading and exercise book combined. **The Madras Presidency** (3s. net), by E. Thurston, C.I.E., forms the first of a series of *Provincial Geographies of India*: it is copiously and excellently illustrated, and full of the varied physical, ethnological, archaeological, historical and economic details which the modern science of geography lays such stress on.

The Scottish **Catholic Directory for 1914** (Sands and Co.: 1s. net) is now in its 86th year of issue, and gives a vast amount of useful information about the state of the Church in the North. It appears that over two-thirds of the whole Catholic population (c. 546,000) is concentrated in Glasgow. There is an account of each mission, with the various institutions attached, lists of clergy and of places where Mass can be heard, notices of colleges and schools, the ecclesiastical calendar and the usual general account of the position of the Church, socially and spiritually.

An attempt has been made in **Pictures of Palestine**, from photographs by Sophie Nicholls (Longmans: prices 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., according to size), to provide large, cheap and thoroughly reliable pictures that could be used for a Bible Class, or lecture on Palestine or the Holy City. Some of the subjects are: "The Sea of Galilee from Capernaum," "Nazareth and the Samaritan Hills," "The Hills of Jerusalem from the South." These are all good pictures, sufficiently large and clear for a teacher to lecture on them, before a class of ten to fifteen, and to point out on them the various localities without confusion. The best is decidedly "The Temple Area" (No. 2), a really successful enlargement from a clear negative. The Holy Land is, we know, not "pretty" country, and "pretty effects" will not be expected. We cannot praise the execution of all equally; but the series as a whole is quite commendable, and should be very welcome to enterprising teachers.

The *Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature* (University Press: 1s. net) have now reached the number of eighty, amongst the latest being **The Beautiful**, by "Vernon Lee," an attempt to analyse and express in popular language that concept, which is not wholly successful although full of suggestion: **A Grammar of English Heraldry**, by W. H. Hope, a very clear and useful exposition of first principles and historical development, adequately illustrated, and **The Evolution of New Japan**, by J. H. Longford, an historical sketch recording the sudden transformation of a typically conservative community into one which is radical and progressive.

The Industrial Problem (Gill and Son: 1d.), by John Sweetman, contains some reflections, in the form of letters to the papers, on the late suicidal strife between Irish labour and Irish capital.

A clever dialogue by the Rev. Albert Way, M.A., **Religious Ex-**

perience and Christian Faith (Longmans: 6d. net), illustrates, perhaps unconsciously, the difficulties in which they are involved who wish to make Christianity credible and actual and yet are denied reference to the living institutional Church wherein Christian experience is stored, authenticated and transmitted, through the indwelling Spirit of Christ, to the end of time.

A book of the same character as the well-known *Question-Box* of Father Conway has just been published, through Messrs. Sands, with the title **Questions and Answers on the Catholic Church** (10d. net). The questions are such as have been actually proposed by various inquirers, and the answers are the work of the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A., of the Catholic Missionary Society. The difficulties thus solved are, therefore, those that are commonly felt amongst non-Catholics, and their range is astonishingly wide. Father Sharpe has classified them under main heads such as: *God, The Soul, The Church, The Bible*, etc., and, although the answers are necessarily brief, they will be found of great service. not only to priests on the mission but also to lay-folk who are exposed to the controversial attacks of non-Catholics, and indeed to all who wish to acquire a knowledge, or a deeper knowledge, of the Faith.

Messrs. Washbourne have begun a great and worthy enterprise by the publication of the first part of Dom Albert Kuhn's **Roma: ancient, subterranean and modern Rome**, the issue of which will be spread over three years. Each of the eighteen bi-monthly parts costs only 1s. 3d. net: the whole one guinea or, if paid in three instalments, 22s. 6d. The first part contains forty pages with a great variety of well-produced illustrations. The whole number of illustrations will amount to 978, forty of which will be full-page plates. The text, which is beautifully printed in double columns, gives a full account of the fortunes of the great city from its foundation to this day. It will be seen that a work well worth possessing is thus placed within easy reach of everyone, and it is hoped that it will be well supported.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

San Miniato (Partridge and Love: 6d.) is a bright little essay, sparkling with paradox, which has for theme the central paradox of Christian morality—"he that will save his life must lose it"—and for illustration the examples of St. John Gualbert, who performed an heroic act of forgiveness, and St. Francis of Assisi, who so literally abandoned all to follow Christ.

Miss Ymal Oswin has made the fate of Blessed Thomas More the subject of a three-act tragedy, which she calls **Margaret Roper, a Martyr's Daughter**. The authoress has kept faithfully to the recorded words and incidents of Blessed Thomas' last years, and has woven them into a very dramatic story which should be welcome to our school stages.

Father Bernard Vaughan's Manchester sermon entitled **Kikuyu**, or "**A House Divided**" (Burns and Oates: 1d.) aptly summarizes and emphasizes with vivid phrase and striking illustration the obvious moral of the present Anglican crisis.

The letters which the special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Philip Gibbs, wrote about Portugal in December last year, after his inspection of the condition of the republic, have been reprinted in

pamphlet form entitled **The Tragedy of Portugal** (Upcott, Gill: 4d.), and are calculated to bring home even to those whom anti-Catholic or anti-monarchical prejudice has hitherto blinded, the desperate conditions of anarchy and despotism in that land disguised under the name of Government. Mr. Gibbs appeals to humanity in both the wider and more restricted sense. The writer of a smaller paper—"Will England Save Portugal?" (Upcott, Gill: 2d.)—appeals to the traditional friendship and treaty obligations between the two countries as a motive and justification for the effective intervention of the former.

Francis Canon Wyndham has published a daintily-bound French treatise—**L'Héroïsme de la Bienheureuse Jeanne D'Arc** (Société Saint-Augustin)—establishing by careful citation of testimonies the truth of its title, and especially denying that she ever faltered in her belief in her revelations, much less signed any abjuration of that belief.

The C.T.S. penny publications this month are few but highly useful. **The Missions of India**, by A. Hilliard Atteridge, is the work of an expert in mission-lore and gives a consoling account of the growth of the Church in those parts. **Parsifal: the Story of Wagner's Opera**, by R. Thurnam, M.D., is *felix opportunitate*, as the great demand for it shows. It gives a vivid account of the legend itself and its musical interpretation. But it does not point out at sufficient length what Catholics would naturally seek on seeing it, viz., the precise attitude of Wagner towards Christianity. **The Reminiscences of an Irish Convert**, by Sir Henry Beltingham, Bart., is a very well-written account of the processes by which a man of education and varied experience was brought into the Church. Father Stanislaus, O.S.F.C., contributes a stirring paper on **The Third Order of St. Francis and Modern Needs**, with the object of showing that the spirit which makes a good Christian and a good citizen is characteristic of this great confraternity. The booklet—**Thoughts and Sayings of Blessed Madeleine Barat**—sufficiently explains its title. The "thoughts" are marshalled under eight main heads referring to the chief Christian virtues.

The Irish Catholic Truth Society also sends an interesting batch of pamphlets, which give consoling evidence of the good work it is doing. **The Catholic Church and the Working Man**, by C. Reddin, B.A., is an eloquent exposition of the true attitude of Catholicism towards the masses, one of enlightened sympathy and wise direction. In **Irish Universities and Culture**, T. P. O'Nolan, M.A., makes a rapid survey of the ages of civilization, and brings together a remarkable and overwhelming mass of testimony to the zeal for learning and piety that flourished in Ireland when Europe was overrun by barbarism. The biographical series is enriched by a life of **Geoffrey Keating: Priest, Poet and Patriot** (1570—1644), by R.J.C., whose account of the first Irish historian is full of interest. A most interesting synopsis of the life of the great French publicist, drawn from his own autobiographical writings, has been compiled by John Hannon and entitled **Confessions of Louis Veillot** (1813—1883). The picture it gives of religious conditions in France during that period is most illuminating to-day. **From the Fair Hills** is a collection of pleasant stories by Miss Lucy M. Curd.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Margaret Roper. A Tragedy in three Acts. By Ymal Oswin. Pp. 49. 1914.
L'Héroïsme de la Bienheureuse Jeanne d'Arc. By Francis Canon Wyndham. Pp. 62. Price, 1.00fr. 1914.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.

Histoire de la Civilisation. By Henri Joly. Pp. viii, 311. Price, 3.50fr. 1914.
La Pitié Grecque. By André Bremond. Pp. 212. Price, 3.00fr. 1914.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

Kikuyu, or "The House Divided." By Rev. B. Vaughan. Price, 1d. 1914.
Time or Eternity and Other Sermons. By Bishop John Vaughan. Pp. ix, 397. Price, 5s. net. 1914.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Elements of New Testament Greek. By H. P. V. Nunn. Pp. vii, 204. Price, 3s. net. 1913.
A Book of English Prose. Parts I, II. Edited by Percy Lubbock, M.A. Pp. viii, 140; viii, 182. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 1913.
A Primer of English Literature. By W. T. Young, M.A. Pp. viii, 240. Price, 2s. net. 1914.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Various Penny Pamphlets.

C.T.S. OF IRELAND, Dublin.

Various Penny Pamphlets.

GABALDA, Paris.

Saint Athanasius. By Abbé G. Bardy. Pp. xvi, 209. Price, 2 fr. 1914.
Saint Cyprien. By Paul Monceaux. Pp. 199. Price, 2.00fr. 1914.

GILL AND SON, Dublin.

Letters of Mary Aikenhead. Pp. xvi, 570. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1914.

HEATH, CRANTON AND OUSELEY, London.

The Godhead of Jesus. By Rev. G. Hitchcock, D.D. Pp. 97. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1914.

HUTCHINSON AND CO., London.

The Custody of the Child. By Philip Gibbs. Pp. 352. Price, 6s. 1914.

KEGAN PAUL AND CO., London.

The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Horace K. Mann. Vols. IX. and X. Pp. lxxi, 355; xi, 452. Price, 12s. net each. 1914.
The Priest: his Character and Work. By James Canon Keatinge. New Edition. Pp. xviii, 333. Price, 5s. net. 1914.

KENEDY AND SONS, New York.

The Four Gates. By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. Pp. x, 139. Price, \$1.00. 1913.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Mère Marie Poussepin. By Père Th. Mainage, O.P. Pp. xi, 366. Price, 3.50 fr. 1914.
L'Âme de l'École. By Charles Heyraud. Pp. 261. Price, 3.00 fr. 1914.
Revue Lacordaire. Tome I. Edited by the French Dominicans. Pp. 416. Price, 6.00fr. 1913.

LONGMANS, London.

Lives of the English Martyrs: Second Series. Vol. I. 1583-1588. Edited by E. H. Burton, D.D., and J. H. Pollen, S.J. Pp. xxxix, 583. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1914.
Men and Matters. By Wilfrid Ward. Pp. ix, 451. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1914.
Sequences and Hymns. By H. W. Mozley. Pp. vii, 75. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1914.

MANRESA PRESS, London.

St. Antonino and Medieval Economics. By the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. Pp. xviii, 109. Price, 1s. net. 1914.
A Defence of English Catholics. By William Allen. Vol. II. Pp. viii, 152. Price, 1s. net. 1914.

ODIN, Paris.

Les Paroles de la Sainte Vierge. Tome II. By M. l'Abbé Texier. Pp. 450. Price, 3.75 fr. 1913.
Nouveaux Sermons. By Mgr. Gay. Pp. xiv, 412. 1914.

PARTRIDGE AND LOVE, Bristol.

San Miniato. By E. J. Watson. Pp. 20. Price, 6d. net. 1914.

SANDS AND CO., Edinburgh.

The Catholic Directory for Scotland. Pp. xxxii, 260. Price, 1s. net. 1914.

UPCOTT GILL AND SON, London.

The Tragedy of Portugal. By Philip Gibbs. Pp. x, 80. Price, 4d. 1914.
Will England save Portugal? Pp. 18. Price, 2d. 1914.

WASHBOURNE, London.

Derfel the Strong. By M. A. Gray. Pp. vi, 346. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1914.
Spiritual Director and Physician. From the French of Fr. V. Raymond, O.P. Translated by Dom A. Smith, C.R.L. Pp. xxiv, 334. Price, 5s. net. 1914.
Maxims of Mgr. Benson. Pp. viii, 133. Price, 1s. 3d. net. 1914.

